The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. XV. INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JANUARY, 1899. NO. 4.

SITUATIONS WHICH APPEAL TO SYMPATHY.

There are few situations in the career of families or nations that so appeal to the sympathy of others, as the forced removal of either the one or the other from the home that has long been theirs, every hill, valley and stream teeming with associations; and the whole inheritance made sacred by the bones of those laid to rest in mother earth.

We think of the Pilgrims, their enforced exile and the hardships they endured, with feelings of indignation against a system that allowed them no home in their native land. So, too, with the Quaker founders of Pennsylvania, and others forced to flee from the land that gave them birth, to begin anew the battle of life under new and strange conditions.

In these later years we have the Mennonites coming in thousands from Russia, exiled for no crime except that of desiring to worship God according to their conscience; and right now we have the same thing repeated in the matter of the Doukhbortsi, compelled to leave their native land or submit to the iron heel of religious uniformity exacted in the spirit of the middle ages from the subjects of the Czar.

All these cruelties, for so they are to the individuals at the time, whatever the eventual outcome may be, make us indignant, and yet at the same time somewhat complacent in the thought: "Well they can all come here and be at peace; no such thing will ever happen to them here."

Probably not, but how have we dealt with others—the Indians?

Have we allowed them to live in the land of their forefathers?

Where are now the Delawares, and what has been their history?

Forced step by step westward, allowed no resting place until their identity is well-nigh lost by merging with a stronger tribe. True, a remnant still exists in Canada, called by the name and speaking the language of the once powerful tribe.

What is true of the Delawares is equally true of many other tribes—they never know how long they can occupy; how long it will be before their reservation, whatever its area, is needed for the growing white population, and another chapter of the old, old, story, "Move on" will be written.

Why cannot we stop this?

Somewhere the Indian must have a final stopping place; why not let it be in every case where he now is and end forever the uncertainty that hangs over him, a bar alike to effort and hope.

When we read of an effort being made to remove this or that Indian tribe or part of a tribe to a new reservation, let us think what it means—What is involved in such a removal! And always remember the Indian is Nature's child endowed with strong love for Nature's surroundings to which he has become accustomed.

A. J. S.

Each year that passes, sees the educated Indian advancing in positions of usefulness and trust. Not many years ago only the minor positions in the service were open to him, because these generally were the limit of his capability. Now, however, we find many instances of young men and women having reached positions of trust and responsibility, and filling them well. This is as it should be—it being self-evident that the ability that serves "Uncle Sam" satisfactorily can give equal satisfaction in the ordinary labor market; the Government service being but a means of introduction to the wider sphere, where all races contend for the prizes of life.

A. J. S.

A number of little streams rise at points remote from each other and flow in the same direction, each one increasing in volume as it goes by receiving other tributary streams and springs—anon these separated streams come together and we have a river flowing along in resistless strength.

How similar to this has been the work of Indian education—many isolated small schools, each contributing a little to the stream that is now rapidly growing large and strong. Soon the educated Indian will be not the exception, but the rule, and the productive ability and economic value of the race be increased in just the proportion that intelligence bears to ignorance and barbarism. There is no doubt about it. Education in its broad application is civilization—civilization is citizenship. This means self-support; if it does not we must take measures to make it so.

A. J. S.

If a white man or a negro commits a crime, he pays the penalty in his own body or estate. His relatives are in no way held responsible for his misdeeds, and suffer only indirectly, as by the disgrace which may attach to a name smirched with crime; or loss of support, etc.

With the Indians the rule is different: A crime is committed and the whole tribe is adjudged guilty and held to be responsible; the crime is often magnified unduly and indemnity required from whom? All who happen to bear the same tribal name as the culprit, whether in any degree responsible or not, old men, women and children, probably 90 per cent of innocent, to 10 per cent of guilty.

We might just as well hold the whole Smith tribe responsible for the doings of Bill Smith, or Tom.

Not only is the tribe made responsible, but the claim never dies, and as the years go by grows amazingly. Sons and grandsons, are mulcted to make reparation out of their present property for crimes committed thirty or forty years ago, probably in a distant locality and with imperfect identification of the guilty ones. This is visiting the sins of the grandfathers and fathers on the children with a vengeance, and exacting a penalty from those innocent of any wrong-doing which in some

cases amounts to a complete wiping out of their assets.

Robberies and crimes have been committed no doubt and the sufferers are entitled to compensation on well-established claims, but in the settlements let justice rule and not punish all for the sins of a part. A. J. S

WORDS OF GREETING AND ADVICE FROM A UNITED STATES INDIAN INSPECTOR.

United States Indian Inspector W. J. McConnell sends Christmas and New Year's greetings to our school in these words:

STUDENTS OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL—

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Thinking that you will no doubt remember the Inspector who visited Carlisle last February and spoke to you at your Saturday night assembly, I thought I would write you a few lines as my Christmas greeting.

Days follow each other, making weeks and sometimes months, without any event happening in our lives of sufficient importance to fix itself upon our memories; so it is with boys and girls at school, so it is with men and women at home. The lives of most men and women contain but few remembrances so fixed as not to be forgotten. In my life the visit to Carlisle will always remain a bright spot, one of the pleasing memories of a busy life. I remember you all as I saw you that Saturday evening, when my heart went out to you in a prayer that your young lives might be so directed as to make it possible for you, when your school days are over, to lend valuable assistance to the Indian Office and to the Christian men and women of America who are trying to elevate the Indian race.

I remember your fine music; I remember your exercises in the gymnasium; I remember the inspection of your rooms, how I found everything so clean and tidy; I remember the pretty pictures I saw there; I remember the dolls the little girls had in their rooms and how nicely they had them dressed; I remember the boys, fine athletic fellows, who so cheerfully shoveled coal into the furnaces that the school rooms and dormitories might be warm and comfortable

The laundry, too; I recollect the nice work being done in polishing the linen. What a willing lot of girls the laundress had under her instruction.

But most of all, I remember how bright and cheerful you looked and the quiet courteous obedience you gave to your superintendent and teachers.

Looking back this Christmas time over the year 1898, which is so nearly gone, can any of you think of any neglected opportunity to do good, to improve the advantages a generous Government has given you? Can any of you remember unkind words spoken to your fellow students or sullen obedience to your teachers who are so good to you? I hope not; but if there are any such let their determination be to enter upon the new year with a kind heart and a fixed determination to do your full duty to your Creator, to yourselves, and to the friends who are anxiously watching the time when you will have finished school and can return to them, by trying to learn all you can and do all the kind things possible for one another

Duty, though a little, is a sacred word, and happy he or she whom God has blessed with courage strong enough to never swerve, and strength devoid of self to do the right.

I have a friend who is a Knight Templar, and on the back of his Masonic card he has engraved:

"I expect you to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

What a noble sentiment!

I have loved that Sir Knight ever since I read it.

Can we not all remember these lines and be guided thereby during our lives?

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and happy, happy future lives, I am your sincere friend.

W. J. MCCONNELL,
U. S. Indian Inspector.

KLAMATH AGENCY, OREGON.

THE MEDICINE MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF HYPNOTISM.

It has been frequently asserted by men who have studied the question, that the medicine-men of the Indians (in general) acquire a great deal of their power over their subjects through the use of hypnotism, and that they are adepts in the hypnotic power. Whether or not these men understand the nature of the power they use is another matter. The fact that those Indian priests in the famous ghost-dance religion, across the line some few years ago, were wont to ascribe the hypnotic phenomenon to a supernatural cause in no way interfered with the skill they evidenced in placing persons in the hypnotic state.

With reference to that remarkable religious creed brought foward by a false 'Messiah,' which over spread the western United States, Mr James Mooney, who was engaged in a study of those tribes during that time, has given us an exhaustive report of the rise, spread and decadence of this fantasy in a paper which recently appeared in the American Journal of Psychology.

As intimated above this ghost dance religion was the outcome of a belief that the Messiah of the Indians had come in Wovoka, the son of a Painte Prophet, held in great reverence by his people and credited with many mysterious powers. The teachings and the ritual which Wovoka spread among the tribes of the west, he claimed to have received in Heaven from God Almighty Himself. The revelation I speak of, was described by Wovoka to Mr. Mooney thus:

It happened during an eclipse of the sun (which there is reason to believe, was that of January 1, 1889) Wovoka fell asleep in the day time and was taken up to the other world. Here he saw God with all the people who had died long ago. They were forever young It was a pleasant land and full of game. Then God gave him a mission. He was to return to the earth and teach the precepts already taught to him by the great Eternal One. The moral code inculcated by Wovoka was pure and comprehensive in its simplicity.

"Do no harm to anyone Do right always. You must not fight. Do not tell lies."

In addition to keeping these ethical principles, believers were ordered to dance every six weeks for four successive nights, and the last night to keep up the dance till the morning of the fifth day, when all had to bathe in the river and disperse to their homes. If faithfully executed this ritual would hasten the time when the supreme happiness would be enjoyed, as well as secure their share in its participation. This "Supreme happiness" to which we refer was the state of their being re-united eventually with their friends in the other world, where there would be no more sickness, and no more death.

The most important characteristic of the ghost dance, and the secret of the trances, is believed by Mr. Mooney to be hypnotism. As we intimated above it cannot be said that these Indian priests or medicine-men understand this psychological phenomenon, but they know how to produce the effect, and many of them are skilled hypnotists.

Some of the performers in the dance work themselves under the influence of the medicine-man; but others are hypnotized by him as he stands within the ring, holding in his hand an eagle feather, a scarf or a handkerchief.

Selecting a subject, the medicine man stands immediately in front of him or her and by rapid movements of the object he holds, all the time looking intently into his or her eyes and whisking the feather or handkerchief or both, rapidly in front of his or her eyes moving slowly around with the dancers, at the same time constantly facing the affected subject.

From time to time he changes the motion of the feather or handkerchief from a whisking to a rapid up and down motion in front of the eyes, and gradually he produces the hypnotic condition. The subject breaks away from the circle of performers, staggers towards the center of the ring, becomes rigid, the eyes fixed or staring, and at last falls heavily to the ground. Sometimes it acts otherwise on the patient, who continues to repeat the words of the song and keep time with the step, but in a staggering drunken sort of a fashion. Then the words become unintelligible sounds and the movements become violently spasmodic, until at last the subject becomes rigid with the eyes shut or fixed and staring and stands thus uttering for an indefinite period low pitiful moans Frequently a number of persons are within the ring at once, in the various stages of the hypnotic state The proportion of women thus affected is about three times that of the men

These facts, Mr. Mooney arranges in his thesis on the subject in a most scholarly manner, and he gives it as his deliberate opinion that hypnotism is practiced to a very large extent on their devotees by the medicine-men of the western prairies. D H M in Progress.

OUR NATIONAL DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS.

In the North American Review for December the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott writes with his accustomed clearness and breadth of view on the subject of our national dealings with the Indian race.

Dr. Abbott finds the root of the whole "problem" in the reservation system. To reform our Indian administration the essential thing to do is to abolish that system This involves placing the Indian on an equality of privilege and opportunity with the Caucasian and the negro.

"Cease to treat the Indian as a red man," says Dr. Abbott, "and treat him as a man. Treat him as we have treated the Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Scandinavians. Many of them are no better able to take care of themselves than the Indians; but we have thrown on them the responsibility of their own custody, and they have learned to live by living.

Treat them as we have treated the negro. As a race the African is less competent than the Indian; but we do not shut the negroes up in reservations and put them in charge of politically appointed parents called agents.

The lazy grow hungry; the criminal are punished; the industrious get on. And though sporadic cases of injustice are frequent and often tragic, they are the gradually disappearing relics of a slavery that is past, and the negro is finding his place in American life gradually, both as a race and as an individual.

The reform necessary in the administration of Indian affairs is:

Let the Indian administer his own affairs and take his chances. The future relations of the Indians with the Government should be precisely the same as the relations of any other individual, the readers of this article or the writer of it, for example.

This should be the objective point and the sooner we get there the better. But this will bring hardship and even injustice on some individuals!

Doubtless.

The world has not yet found any way in which all hardship and all injustice to individuals can be avoided.

Turn the Indian loose on the continent and the race will disappear.

Certainly. The sooner the better.

There is no more reason why we should endeavor to preserve in tact the Indian race than the Hungarians, Poles or Italians.

Americans all, from ocean to ocean, should be the aim of all American statesmanship.

Lets us understand once for all that an inferior race must either adapt and conform itself to the higher civilization whenever the two come in conflict or else die.

This is the law of God from which there is no appeal.

Let Christian philanthropy do all it can to help the Indian to conform to American civilization but not through sentimentalism fondly imagine that it can save any race or any community from this inexorable law."

THE SPANISH AND INDIAN NOT A GOOD MIX.

According to Frank G. Carpenter, the prolific newspaper correspondent, now in South America, the gaucho, which is a cross of the Spaniard and the Indian is a type of man not to be envied.

He says:

The gaucho is the native Argentine of the country. He is the cowboy of the pampas, a man like whom there is no other in the world, a peculiar product of Southern South America The gaucho is a cross of the Spaniard and the Indian. If any part of his blood predominates it is that of the Indian, although his Spanish traits are always to be seen.

The gaucho will not farm. He will not work in the cities, but he is at home on horseback, and is always ready to ride over the plains and to watch or drive cattle. He does not like to tend sheep. He is a nomad, and prefers odd jobs to steady work

You may see him anywhere outside of cities and wherever you see him he is the same. His complexion is usually of a light coffee color He looks, in fact, like an American Indian bleached. He has a full black rather heavy beard. His eyes are coal black, bright and fierce, and his form is often short and wiry. He dresses in a curious way. His black head is covered with an old skull cap, or a soft slouch hat. Upon the upper part of his body hangs a blanket, often striped in bright colors, through the center of which his head is thrust

Another blanket is wound about his waist and pulled between the legs and fastened. Out of this lower blanket white drawers extend down to his ankles. These are often edged at the bottom with lace, while bright red or blue slippers may cover his feet. He usually wears a belt of chamois leather, which may be decorated with silver buckles and bangles.

He is fond of silver, and decorates the trappings of his horse with it when he possibly can. He has the best horse he can buy, steal or borrow, and his saddle is often adorned with silver stirrups, while the bit of his bridle is often silverplated and usually of great size.

A gaucho is never without a horse. Even if he has to beg for enough to eat he will stick to his horse, the Argentine being one of the few countries of the world where beggars really go about on horseback.

The Homes of the Pampas.

You will see the homes of the gauchos scattered over the pampas. Let me describe one. It is a mud hut fifteen feet square and so low that you have to stoop to enter the door The floor is the earth, and there is no furniture except the skulls of bullocks, which are used for seats and a table made of a board or two, which the gaucho has probably stolen from some rich land owner near by. The only table furniture to be seen is a couple of tin pans.

The gaucho does not need cooking utensils. He roasts his meat on a spit over the fire he makes outside the door. As the meat cooks he bastes it with the juice which he catches in the pan, and then cuts it off, a slice, at a time. He does not need a fork, but holds one end of the slice in his hand and clinches the other end between his teeth, while he draws his knife across within one-sixteenth of an inch of his nose at every bite. His favorite dish is carne concuero. This is meat cooked with the skin. The meat is wrapped up tightly in the skin, and thus cooked over the coals. The skin keeps in the juices, and the result is delicious.

The gaucho is very hospitable. If you

come to his hut he will take you in and give you the best he has, although he may intend to stab you in the back as soon as you have gone a few rods away He cares little for blood-letting, and is always ready to fight.

Every gaucho has his knife, and is seldom backward in using it. Sometimes he acts like a demon, stabbing without cause. I heard of a gaucho who came along one day where a woman was working with her little boy beside her. As the gaucho saw the boy, he said:

"I feel like killing someone."

And with that he took up the boy and stabbed him. I heard of another gaucho who shot a boy with no more provocation than the above Neither of these men were hung for their murders.

And do such men have wives and families?

Yes; but they do not often waste their money on weddings, for weddings, you know, come high in all South American countries.

They are performed by the priest, who must have his fee before he will tie the golden bonds of matrimony.

The gauchos are good lovers as well as good haters. They are said to be affectionate husbands and good fathers when they are sober, though very cruel when drunk.

Almost all of them are drunkards at times. They like to gamble and play billiards, and scattered over the pampas you will find here and there little saloons, which are kept up by the gauchos. They do not think it wrong to cheat at cards, and the man who can cheat best is considered the most skillful player These gauchos make good soldiers, and some of the best fighting of the Argentine has been done by them.

To-day the bravest men in the army come from this class, the Argentines of the cities not comparing with them in activity or bravery.

THE HOOPA VALLEY INDIANS.

We are in receipt of a marked copy of the Pacific Christian, in which we find an interesting article from the pen of Cornelia Taber, of San Jose, so well known in that section of the country for her enthusiastic and indefatigable work on behalf of the Indians of California, and especially of Hoopa Valley.

She goes on to say:

The Hoopa Indians are a most interesting people, living in a secluded valley in Humboldt County. It is reached from Arcata by a rough mountain trail of forty miles, and is perhaps two miles wide by ten miles long. Through it runs the Trinity River, which abounds in fish and eels Fine live oaks dot the fertile meadows, and game is plentiful in the mountains. The land is now allotted to the Indians, who each have two or three acres in the valley, and another patch of pasture or arable lands on the mountain side. Most have frame houses, but some of the old men and women still linger in the old cabins, whose only entrance is a small round hole in the front. This was to render it easily defensible by one man inside, armed with a tomahawk. Many of the houses boast of bought or home-made furniture, but all are wretchedly dirty and badly need the efforts of the brave young field matron, who has just begun her work among these Indians.

The older Indians have a strict moral code which teaches them to lead upright lives, but the younger, in losing their old faith have lost its restraints, and gambling, and immorality have a terrible hold upon them. Contact with whites has, heretofore, but taught them evil. All are plunged into superstition To them evil comes from Indian devils, men—not spirits. These men are supposed to possess a magic talisman made from the bones and sinews of the wrist of a deer man, and by its aid they can work their will on their enemies Misfortune, disease, death, are traced to their influence. So fiends have sprung up that have embroiled families, from generation to generation. Fear prevails, even grown men dreading to be out after dark lest under cover of the night, these evil-minded ones should have a chance to work them ill

Just outside the reservation is a common looking bowlder, which the Indians call the "rain rock," and here ceremonies are performed and designed to influence the weather.

These Indians have no well-defined idea of immortality, but they believe their good customs were instituted by a good man whom they call "The One Far Away." It was he who set up the dances held every 2 years, one, the "white deer skin dance," and the other the "woodpecker dance."

One good custom is connected with these dances. They cannot be held unless the Indians are at peace with each other, and have paid their debts, but they keep alive old superstitions, and stand in the way of Christian civilization. They are dying out before the light of higher thought.

The sweathouse is a luxury which is still common to every Hoopa village. A place is dug in the ground, something like a shallow cellar, and over this is a wooden structure, not unlike the other Indian houses, though lower, and tightly covered. A fire is kept up within until the room is well heated. The Indian goes in and stays until he sweats profusely, after which he comes out steaming into the cool air, and takes a plunge into the river. The sweat-house bath is practiced in winter and summer, without regard to temperature of air and water.

It is among these Indians that the new Mission has been established. Forty years ago they were gathered on this reservation and promised land in severalty, citizenship, and good men to teach them All these years they have waited. A bad agent was sent to them who cheated and abused them. A fort was built near them the soldiers from which were a curse to them. Christian missions were not permitted. At last the day has dawned. A good government school occupies the deserted barracks. A good agent has the oversight. Their land has been allotted, and 278 of them have become United States citizens Best of all, a Christian mission is established among them. Will not many Christian people come forward and help make this a grand success, so that, after all these years of maltreatment and evil teaching, these people may come out with the light and liberty of the children of God?

THE SUSAN LONGSTRETH LITERARY SOCIETY.

PRESENCE OF MIND AND SELF-CONTROL, EQUAL TO THAT POSSESSED BY MOST INDIANS.

Dinner was just finished and several English officers were sitting around the table, says the Scottish American. The conversation had not been animated and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of fifty five, turned towards his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet, steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes, "hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you! What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way.

"Do you think," continued the major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

"The subaltern barely whispered, "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor and glided toward the milk Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; "you have saved my life!"

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."

LO, THE HONEST INDIAN.

"Many years ago," says Bishop Whipple, when testifying to the honesty of the red Indian, "I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it were safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service.

'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!' "

The Christmas number of the INDIAN HELPER in which was a half-tone picture of the faculty and officers of the school was well-received.

THE RED MAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

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ANOTHER LIE NAILED

The dispatch here following, dated from Wichita, Kansas, January 14th, has so much of the circumstantial in it that it is calculated to deceive any but those having actual knowledge of the facts. Carlisle has a complete record of all students admitted from its opening in 1879, and the names of Miss Halderman and John Watka nowhere appear; they have never been seen or heard of at Carlisle. Furthermore, Carlisle does not receive students from the Cherokees or Creeks of the Indian Territory, they not being eligible for admission, for the reason that they have adequate school facilities of their own. Once only, when a Creek school was burned down, a few were received at Carlisle to prevent their being turned adrift, but none since, and the number is all accounted for without John Watka. We print the dispatch, scare lines and all, as an illustration of manufactured news.

LOVING AN OUTLAW, SHE TOOK POISON.

Hearing of His Death This Cherokee Maiden Committed Suicide.

LOADED WITH SHAME.

Had Learned to Love Him when He Preached the Gospel.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 14.—The body of Jennie Halderman, a beautiful Cherokee Indian girl, lies under the ground at Pryor Creek, I. T. She committed suicide by drinking poison. On her dress she left a note saying that she did not care to live any longer after having learned that her sweetheart was dead.

The girl's sweetheart was John Watka, the Creek outlaw, who was killed by Deputy Marshal Little in a desperate fight near Eufaula. Miss Halderman was a beautiful sixteenth-part Cherokee Indian. She had received her education at the Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania where, three years ago, she met John Watka, a young Creek Indian, who was studying for the ministry.

Miss Halderman was an enthusiast in music, and as the Creek had a very soft, musical voice, the two spent a greater portion of their spare time together. For one term they were thus thrown into each other's company, and when both returned to the Territory their friendship had ripened into love.

Watka lived near Eufaula, and Miss Halderman resided with her parents, who were quite wealthy, near Pryor Creek. Nearly every Sunday would see the young Creek minister dressed in his long-tailed coat, driving out to visit his sweetheart. He was quite a handsome man—tall, lithe and with dark hair and eyes. She was a dainty little creature, with dark hair and eyes, also. Once or twice Watka preached in the village church and the plea he set up for sinners to turn to God was eloquent and effective.

It seems that Watka's ministerial habits left him when he left Pryor Creek, because it is believed that he peddled whiskey, robbed and even murdered while riding with his gang of Creek outlaws through the nation. His name was written down in United States Marshal's office at Muskogee as a bad Indian, but he had never done anything for which he could be arrested.

It seems that Watka's evil reputation had never reached the peaceful little village of Pryor Creek, for every time he came to that town he was given a great ovation. Finally the expected announcement of his wedding to Miss Halderman was made and the date set for Thanksgiving of this year.

When Miss Halderman came to town last Sunday afternoon she received a letter from the United States Marshal telling her that letters had been found on the dead outlaw's body from her, and it was thought best to write her about his death.

She went home, loaded down with shame, and killed herself.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

The Christmas and holiday doings at our school were quite fully reported in the columns of our little weekly paper—THE INDIAN HELPER, which gives the news in detail each week. There were trees and Santa Clauses and presents for all. It is not deemed wise by the authorities of the school to spend a great deal of money on Christmas presents, but a wholesome spirit of giving to each other has grown up among our students, which makes the event looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. The week was a holiday for the teachers and Academic classes but not for the industrial departments. As there was no school each pupil had a half-holiday each day for himself. This was enough, and the four hours a day at work made the time for play all the more enjoyable. The skating was good which added much to the pleasures of the week. There were entertainments in the evening, consisting of magic lantern exhibitions, sociables and literary exercises by the combined societies. The last feature was a very striking one this year, an elaborate programme having been carried out. The part which pleased the faculty most, perhaps, was the fact that the pupils got up the entertainment among themselves without aid from teachers and others, and the style of the various performances was pleasing to all who love to watch the growth of our Indian boys and girls in independent thinking.

One gratifying feature of our Christmas week sociability was the entirely proper way in which the boys and girls mingled together on all social occasions and on the skating pond. With a good deal of freedom allowed there was very little to criticise in behavior.

This is right, and will incline the managers when the time comes again to extend like privileges, whereas had they been abused they would certainly be withdrawn for the future.

How much is meant also for the future home life of the Indians when the conduct of ladies and gentlemen has by reason of their school training become their habit of life! The woman not the inferior and burden bearer, but the one to be honored and cared for.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

A very interesting debate upon the question Resolved, That the United States acted generously toward Spain in the late treaty of peace, was held in Assembly Hall on Friday evening the 13th of January. The contestants were three young men from the Standard Literary Society—Frank Beale, John Garrick and Jacob Horne on the affirmative, and Pasaquala Anderson, Amelia Clark and Susie Yupe, from the Susan Longstreth Literary Society, on the negative. It was an inter-society affair, and before the event, was looked foward to with intense anticipation, as in all public debates with the young men's societies the young ladies had come off victorious. On this occasion however the Standards won. The judges were Miss Anna Dawson, of North Dakota, who was a visitor at the time, and Messrs. Reed and Watts of Carlisle. There were well selected points brought out on both sides of the question as well as good attempts displayed at oratory. Had the girls been as eloquent in their delivery as the boys were the contest would have been more difficult to decide. The Standard Debating Society was the first to organize among the boys, years ago, and deserves the name it selected, if the exhibition of lofty thought and aspiration on the evening of the 13th is a sample of the work they are able to turn out. The Susan Longstreth Literary Society was named after a life-long friend of the Indian and devoted friend of the Carlisle School; and it is to be hoped that the young Indian maidens of the Society which bears her name will ever keep in mind the perfection of culture refinement and literary attainment reached by this saintly woman whose portrait hangs over the President's Chair.

ENGLISH SPEAKING MEETING.

The Saturday evening meetings, usually conducted by our Superintendent or Assistant-Superintendent, have been a strong feature of our school since its beginning Up to this year, reports from each of the three buildings in which the students live—the girls, the small boys' and the large boys' quarters—in relation to their use of English throughout the week, were read every Saturday night, and by this means a strong sentiment has been kept alive in favor of the constant use of the language they had come to Carlisle to learn, and against the use of the tongue which they had been taught at home. Very frequently the talk that followed this report was upon the importance of speaking English or upon topics of history or current news relating to this subject. These meetings were called English-Speaking meetings in the early days of the school and retain the name to this day, although now the subjects for lectures are not confined to English Speaking, but relate more to moral ethics, or current topics. The fruitfulness of these talks on English Speaking and subjects relating thereto has been evidenced by many references to the same from students who have gone out from us and who claim that the stimulating thought imbibed at the Saturday night meetings was the beginning of ambition and a new life for them. At one of the recent English-Speaking meetings, Assistant-Superintendent, A J. Standing gave a talk on schools, and carried his audience back to the earliest times of which anything is written concerning schools, when in the days of the Bible an assemblage of learners like the prophets of old, was not even called a school. We were reminded in this connection that we should be thankful that we were born in a land of schools—in a land of civilization. He spoke of Alexander the Great, who was fond of learning, and of the famous city of Egypt that was named for him. The immense library that was finally destroyed after hundreds of years of accumulation of books embodying the wisdom of past ages when books as we have them today were not printed and were very expensive, was described.

He told how teachers then often had but a few pupils, who sat before the teacher, as we are told in the Bible of one sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. Others walked around as they taught. He referred to Paul and Apollo, and then coming down to our own day spoke of the educational work that was about to be undertaken among the civilized tribes in Oklahoma.

In that country rich in mineral, oil, timber and other valuable products, the Indians do not know how to utilize the riches they possess. They have schools and colleges in the so-called five civilized tribes; there are men who are educated scholastically—who have studied and become proficient in Greek and Latin in the home school and college, but who are deficient in the knowledge of practical rules of living and of the ways of the business world.

United States Indian Inspector J. Geo. Wright, who visited Carlisle recently, will make the educational feature of that section his main study, and he hopes to be able to start schools in which manual training, economics, and the needs of a practical life may be taught. There will be schools built up where white and Indian children may go and grow up together not knowing that one is white and the other red.

The negro problem of that section which is growing into a serious one, was explained. Thousands of negro children with no school privileges are living among those Indians. The negroes were held as slaves in the days of slavery, and the Indians will not allow negro children to attend their schools.

Mr. Standing closed his remarks with a bit of news from Major and Mrs. Pratt, and taking the evening through it was one of interest and profit. The students were very attentive, as they always are when something of substantial interest is being told them.

And this is but a sample of many a Saturday night meeting.

The picture of the Work Shops printed on the first page shows the exterior view of our trade school. In this building are the Tailor-shop, Printing-office, Paint-shop, Wagon-making and Blacksmith-shop, Brick-laying department, Tin-shop, Carpenter-shop, Shoe-shop, Harness-shop, three store-rooms, a band room, and six sleeping rooms. The building, when this was a military post, was the old cavalry stables. It was remodeled and for a number of years the structure was one-story. Two years ago the second story was added and the shops enlarged. The apartments are roomy, compact, well-ventilated, and well-lighted. Carlisle was the pioneer in Indian Industrial education and has followed an original system of its own. We make nothing for practice sake, and teach nothing by theory alone. Every article manufactured is made for some definite use. We use little machinery in order that each pupil may learn his trade in a way that will make him most skillful with his hands.

On page three is a picture of the Susan Longstreth Literary Society. This Society bearing the name of one of the first, and most honored friends of the school has existed for more than ten years. Including as it does the best character and talent from about 300 girls, with a comfortable and tastefully decorated room for its meetings, it is an influence for good, mentally and morally, which cannot well be measured.

On page 5 the Invincible Debating Society is represented. This society is an off-shoot of the Standards which was given last month in the RED MAN, and it fully equals the parent society in all departments of literary work.

AT OUR VERY DOOR AND YET THEY KNOW US NOT.

"Look at those Indians riding around the street on their bicycles. The boys and girls at the Indian school have too much given to them."

The remark was made by a Carlisle woman of intelligence, but one who evidently knows more about things at a distance than she does about conditions at home.

She was talking with a lady, however, who happened to be acquainted with the inside workings of the school.

"The Government does not give the Indians their bicycles," said the latter.

"How could they GET them if the Government did not give them?" asked the

woman with an air of "There is no other way for them to get them."

"They buy them the same as other people do," replied the friendly lady.

"How could they? They have no money."

"Oh, yes, they have money."

"Where do they get it?"

"They work for it on farms. Every summer the boys and girls go out to work."

"Go out to work? Where?"

"Don't you know the Indians go into country homes in the summer and work for wages?"

"Never heard of it!"

"The friendly lady was amazed at the apparent ignorance of the townswoman, and went on to explain, how nearly every year the combined wages of the five and six hundred students who go out to work amounts to over $20,000; and that each student's earnings belong to him. He buys with it what he pleases if he does not please to spend too much foolishly, in which event he is advised and checked."

"It is all news to me. I thought we paid taxes and the money went to buy the Indians bicycles," said the townswoman apparently willing to be corrected

EVEN THE UNTAMED INDIAN IS PROGRESSING IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

A correspondent to Progress, an interesting paper printed at the Regina Boarding School, in the North West Territory, Canada, right among the Indians, says from actual experience:

A friend was telling us of a hunting trip he made recently in company with a party of Indians.

He had heard much of the custom in earlier times of making the women perform all the manual labor, of how that when a deer was shot, the brave hunter walked home empty handed, and ordered his woman to go, drag to camp the carcass of the slain animal, dress the meat when they got it home, and prepare food for their noble lord, who all the time lay on the ground smoking his pipe, and so he noted with interest the methods of this hunting party.

He found that not only did the men pack home the game they had slain, but they afterwards dressed it, and then cut and carried in a supply of wood for the women to prepare the meal, and all this after a hard day's hunting.

nearly exhausted. The lumber trade is large.

The population is about 35,000, of whom between 500 and 600 are whites, the remainder are Indians and E-quimaux of various tribes. The Sitka Indians are somewhat intelligent but drunken and depraved. While Alaska was a part of the Empire of Russia the Greek church was the established form of religion, but it neglected almost entirely its duties to the people, so that the larger part of them were practically heathen. But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way because of distance and climate, the Protestant churches began missionary work there shortly after the purchase—the Presbyterian church being among the first to engage in it. It has now in Alaska 12 missionaries, 8 churches with 1 000 members, the two smallest of which consist of whites—one at Sitka and the other at Juneau, 8 schools with 32 teachers and 452 pupils, 7 Sabbath schools with 552 pupils and one Young People's Society, with 100 members. Presbyterians have certainly a valid claim to know something about Alaska and to take an interest in it.

Unfortunately, whiskey and the whis-

tainly be a sad state of things in Alaska if the power of the United States is not able to enforce a prohibition law upon a population of 35,000 people.

But now there is another trouble, a bishop of the "orthodox" Greek church who has been seven years in Alaska, has passed through this country on his way to Russia, and has lodged a complaint with President McKinley. In it he says nothing about the prevailing drunkenness in Alaska, but attacks the Protestant churches for establishing missions there, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson for opening public schools. Indeed he abuses the public schools of this country and insults the American people. He says to the President: "You see yourselves how bad is the education given in the public schools of this country. Most of the children who have attended them come out of them not only without the fear of God, but without the ordinary sense of shame. This accounts for all those abnormal conditions which we see prevailing in real life around us—disrespect toward parents and elders, stubbornness, self-will, carelessness, too light a view of duty in the family, the community and the state; a chasing after easy gain, pleas-

THE INVINCIBLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

HE WAS NOT A CREATURE.

One of our good boys in the country, who would not do anything wrong if he knew it, gave slight cause for a misunderstanding.

"What a creature you are!" said his farm mother.

The boy's English vocabulary was very meagre. He had never heard the word creature used in any such sense.

"I am not a creature," he said timidly.

His farm mother saw at once that the boy was hurt.

"Why, what is a creature?"

"Well, I am not a creature."

"Tell me! What do you think a creature is?"

"It is little bugs on chickens. I am not that."

It is needless to say that an understanding was immediately arrived at, and the boy learned a new application of a very common word.

We regret to say that word has just been received from Washington that the medical department at Oneida has been abolished. The resident Government physician who has attended our patients when called upon has been transferred to another Agency.—[Oneida.

INTELLIGENT, BUT DRUNKEN AND DEPRAVED.

The Situation in Alaska.

Though Alaska is distant, difficult of access, and a large part of it inhospitable for most part of the year, it is comprised in our national domain, and is in the field committed to the care of the American churches. It was purchased from Russia in 1867, for $7,200 000. Its area is estimated at 577,300 square miles, or 369,527 000 acres. The coast line is put down at 3 000 miles. The mountains vary from 3,084 to 19 000 feet in height. The rivers are long and some of them are navigable for several hundreds of miles—the Yukon for 1,000 miles. The high latitude precludes any great fertility, but some of the islands and the Sitka peninsula produce wheat, barley and other cereals, and also some root crops, but the forests on the mainland and the larger islands are very extensive, and some of the trees are of immense size. The principal products, however, are from the fisheries in which nearly 10,000 people are engaged. Fur-seal and sea-otter did abound and yielded to the United States government an annual revenue of $300,000, but they are

key seller have gone into that land in force and are doing deadly work, although Alaska has a prohibition law, but is very poorly enforced, indeed hardly enforced at all. Even some temperance people contend that a high license law would be better than the present one, which it is insisted cannot be enforced because of the opposition of public sentiment. Mr. Tongue of Oregon, in advocating the addition of a high license amendment to a new criminal code for Alaska now before the United States House of Representatives, which left the liquor business entirely open except in the case of the Indians, declares not only that the present prohibition law is not enforced, but that he did not believe it was possible for the President of the United States to appoint enough officers to enforce it. He said: "If the collector of revenue or his deputies should attempt to enforce this law as some of them are attempting to enforce it, they are ostracised from society. The present collector of customs has been bullied, threatened, attempted to be bribed, and finally indicted, because he says there is corruption in Alaska with reference to the importation and sail of liquors, involving the officers." There must cer-

ure and recreation. Of course all these things could not be if piety and fear of God were the grounds of education." The people of Alaska who have such a combination of ignorance and insolence in their spiritual leader are to be pitied. It is by means of men of this character that they have been brought to the degradation with which they are now afflicted.

Such is the situation in Alaska just now. The churches and schools are working well and successfully; the prohibition law is not enforced; an attempt has been made to permit the free sale of liquors; the Russian bishop has arrayed himself against Protestant missions and public schools; and appalling want, sickness and misery prevail among those who were well warned of the disappointment, losses and danger that almost certainly awaited them in their wild chase after sudden riches.—[The Presbyterian Banner.

The tailoring and sewing departments are at work upon the graduating class suits and dresses for the members of class '99. While all are required to dress plainly and in taste to suit conditions and circumstances, each graduate is allowed some choice in the matter, and may select material of a little finer grade and of different color than the school uniform. A good fit is secured by the tailors and a style is given to the dresses in keeping with the plainer fashions of the day.

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION BURLESQUED.

This African story taken from an Exchange may be overdrawn but can we not find in it a touch of the truth when seen in the light of our attempts at Indian civilization?

A large, strong man, dressed in a uniform and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a hut on the coast of Africa.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked a voice from the inside.

"In the name of civilization open your door, or I'll break it down for you and fill you full of lead."

"But what do you want here?"

"My name is Christian Civilization. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute. What do you suppose I want here but to civilize you, and make a reasonable human being out of you, if it is possible?"

"What are you going to do?"

"In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. It's a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now on, you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat, and pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at a reasonable price."

"What shall I do with them?"

"Wear them, of course. You didn't expect to eat them, did you? The first step of civilization is to wear proper clothes."

"But it is too hot to wear such garments. I'm not used to them. I shall perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?"

"Well, if you die, you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilization."

"You are very kind."

"Don't mention it. What do you do for a living, anyhow?"

"When I am hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink, or sleep, just as I feel like it."

"What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don't I shall have to lock you up as a vagrant."

"If I've got to follow some occupation, I think I'll start a coffee-house. I've got a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand."

"Oh, you have, have you? Why, you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place you must pay me £5."

"What for?"

"An occupation tax, you innocent heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilization for nothing?"

"But I haven't got any money."

"That makes no difference. I'll take it out in sugar and coffee. If you don't pay I'll put you in jail."

"What is a jail?',

"Jail is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for civilization, you know."

"What a great thing civilization is!"

"You cannot possibly realize the benefits, but you will before I have done with you."

The unfortunate native took to the woods, and has not been seen since.

APPLYING THE PRINCIPLE.

"How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice!" exclaims Goethe of his fellow-creatures. It is not in moral and spiritual realms alone that man finds it hard to practice what he preaches.

The physician does not always live up to his tenets of hygiene, the builder often dishonors the plumb-line and the level, and the educationist may forget to apply his doctrine in rearing his own children.

The fact is that the carrying of a principle into practice is a difficult feat, not only for the common, but for the uncommon, mind. We must therefore be merciful in judging our Christian neighbor as "inconsistent" and "hypocritical." It is not only in his morality that man is weak, for he is weak all through and all over. We have a right to expect him to make progress steadily, but we are unreasonable in expecting him to reach perfection, or even excellence, in a stride. —[Sunday School Times.

THEY MUST GO.

The Herald Sentinel, published in Oklahoma, says that the squaw men must go. This painful conclusion, continues the Sentinel, has finally been reached by the Dawes commission at Ardmore, I. T. Indian Agent Wisdom has been ordered to eject them.

From the point of view of the squaw men this edict is harsh.

A squaw man, be it understood, is a white man who marries an Indian maiden and settles upon her property.

Twenty thousand of them have done just this thing and have raised 50,000 children, half Indian to rise up and call them blessed.

The civilized tribes of Indian territory are, according to their wealth per capita, among the richest people in the world. Before the war they owned negro slaves, and, although the war freed them, it was not until recently that they could be coerced by Washington into giving them the right to vote. But the squaw men could vote.

The squaw man is wise in his generation. He married the Indian girl, got admitted to the tribe as an Indian and acquired citizenship, with all its privileges, and so has become a formidable element in the voting population of the Indian tribes.

Being a squaw man has now become a regular profession or industry in the western states, with a kind of trade-union or squaw-man association to protect their rights

Their walking delegates, however, were caught napping this time, and a man's enemies are they of his own household For it is the Dawes commission and not the Indians themselves who will drive them out of this land, whither they have gone to possess it, and which they trusted that every place whereon the soles of their feet should tread should be theirs.

The property of the squaws is in land and funds held by the United States government, and if the squaw men are to be driven out they will be at a distinct disadvantage as compared with the squaw men who come over from Europe and marry wives in New York and then go back home with wives, property and all. —[Herald- Sentinel.

GOUGH'S DELIVERANCE FROM THE SMOKE DEVIL.

John B. Gough, the peerless temperance orator, was for a time in bondage to the evil habit of smoking, hardly realizing how near akin was the tobacco devil with the whiskey devil in whose awful clutches he had almost perished.

The story of how he was led to give up the smoking habit was once related by himself.

He said he was in Worcester, England, the guest of a member of Parliament, who resided on the banks of the river, in a beautiful place.

In order to get the usual after-dinner smoke without annoyance to anybody he strolled to the river side, out of sight of the house, and took out his cigar and matches, and proceeded to light a cigar.

The wind blew out the match; another was tried, and another.

He took off his hat to shield it from the wind. It was of no avail. He got some brimstone down his throat, or something as bad, but the cigar would not ignite.

Then he kneeled down behind a rock by the path at the side of the river, and, with his hat off, endeavored to secure the object.

"Now," says he, "I never go on my knees but I am reminded of prayers, and the thought came:

"If any one should see you he would probably think that some man had sought that retired spot for his private devotions, and what am I doing? I am sucking away at my cigar, hoping to obtain fire enough from the match to get a smoke. What would the audience say who heard me last night, should they see me now? The inconsistency of my practice with my profession struck me so forcibly that I said, 'I'll have no more of it.' I rose from my knees, took cigars and matches, and threw them into the river, and I never touched a cigar to smoke for eighteen years."

A WORKER AMONG THE INDIANS GONE TO HIS REST

The Christian, published in London, has an interesting account of the life work of the late Rev John Chapman, who has spent many years among the Indians of Rupert's Land, an almost unknown section of Canada.

Among other interesting experiences related in the marked article sent us was this:

Mr Chapman was very fond of the Indians and got on well with them. Many incidents, partly amusing, though somewhat alarming, occurred in his experience. Once, for example, a big brave entered his house and demanded rum. He refused it. The other pointed significantly at his tomahawk, and declared his intention of having rum or a scalp. Mr. Chapman, in return, pointed at his own somewhat bald pate, and asked the intruder how he was going to handle it. This caused a laugh; but seeing that the fellow was likely to proceed to extremities, he took him by the shoulders and gave him the same kind of dismissal as a blackguard in England would have got under similar circumstances, the man going off completely cowed.

He gave his land for the Indians to settle upon. He visited their sick, preached the Gospel to them, befriended them in their distress. No uncommon thing was it for him to visit all night, after a hard day's work, and he could often have been seen in early morning running miles down the frozen Red River and visiting their tents in order, and announcing the place where he was going to hold a meeting in the evening. Many conversions followed his labours, and some grateful letters still remain which he received from his children in the faith. He had been often heard to say that some of the happiest deathbeds he had ever experienced were among the North American Indians.

MANHOOD GREATER THAN WEALTH.

A very interesting story is told of a young clerk in a dry goods store, who has recently come into posses-ion of a large fortune by inheritance from a distant relative. The young man was one day called to his employer's private office, and listened with amazement to the news as it was imparted to him by a lawyer.

"I suppose I must not expect your services as a clerk any longer," said the merchant with a smile. "I shall be sorry to lose you."

"Oh, I shall stay my month out, of course, sir," said the boy, promptly. "I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've had some money left me."

The two elder men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly $300,000.

"Well," said the lawyer stroking his mouth to conceal his expression, "I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "I always take my luncheon at 11:45. I'll take that hour for you, instead, to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast I can get along all right until six o'clock."

That was a sensible boy. He had hold of the right end of life. It is not what we have, but what we are which counts most. That is what Christ meant when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." —[The Voice.

THE PAWNEE SCHOOL.

The girls of Pawnee school, reversing the usual order of sports, are enthusiastic devotees of base-ball. It has been the popular game with them ever since school opened and, too, greatly to their benefit in health.

The recent prairie fires of this vicinity were disastrous: Many houses were totally destroyed and many persons injured. Prompt measures saved the school hay, though the pasture was burned over. So far as can be learned, the fire was deliberately started.

—[Correspondent to Indian News.

THE STORY OF "HOME SWEET HOME."

A new story is now being told of the first time "Home Sweet Home" was sung in public. When the Government attempted to harmonize the contending factions in the dispute on the Georgia-Tennessee boundary line, by establishing a trading post there, John Howard Payne was accused of inciting the dissatisfied Indians and half-breeds, and was arrested and carried to the council-house.

An Indian, who committed suicide on the grave of his wife and child, was buried in the presence of a number of men, among whom was Payne. As the body of the Indian was lowered into the grave, Payne hummed to himself the song that has become so famous.

General Bishop called the young man to him and said sternly:

"Where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote it myself," answered Payne.

"Where did you get the tune?"

"I composed that also."

"Will you give me a copy of it?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said the old Indian fighter, "appearances may be against you, but a man who can write a song like that is no incendiary, and I am going to set you free."

Payne had been living in the house of a neighboring family, and on his return he related the circumstances, and showed the pass that General Bishop had given him. That was the first time that Home, Sweet Home was ever heard in public. —[Farm, Field and Fireside.

GENERAL GRANT A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR US ALL.

It is said that one of the striking traits of General Ulysses S Grant was his absolute truthfulness. He seemed to have an actual dread of deception, either in himself or others.

One day, while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant. An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant.

"Say the President is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair, and cried out to the servant.

"Tell him no such thing. I don't lie myself and I don't want any one to lie for me."

ABSURD.

The Battleford, Saskatchewan, Canada, Guide, places the matter on about the right footing in the close of an article on Indian Education when it says:

The majority of Indian children are as susceptible to training as other children, and now that the country, has established, at great expense, schools where they may be instructed in the several industries that will make useful citizens out of them, they should be compelled to take advantage of these schools whether parents object or not.

Does it not seem absurd, to establish a good system of Industrial education for our Indian children, and at the same time foster on the Reserve, those influences, that are so much opposed to the proper carrying out, and ultimate success of that system?

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

The returned student on the Omaha reservation are planning an organization for mutual helpfulness. This is a step in the right direction; bound together the returned students can overcome many drawbacks otherwise impossible to contend with.—[The Indian News.

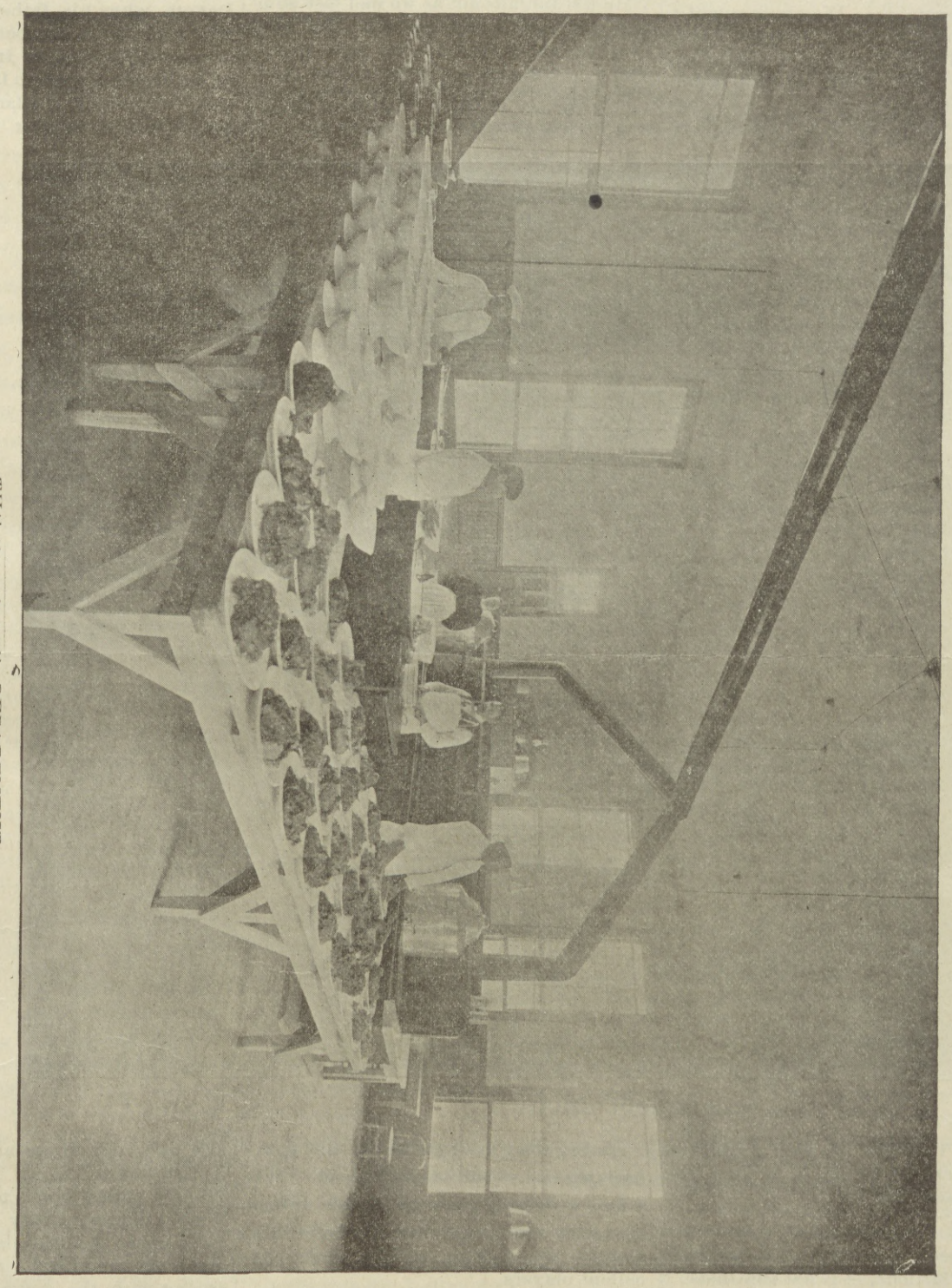
POLITICS TO THE REAR.

It is said that most of the people in Oklahoma these days are discussing kaffircorn, sorghum and swine instead of politics, which has been relegated to the rear since election.

MR. ROOSEVELT TO YOUNG MEN.

"If you could speak commandingly to the young men of our city," I asked him one day, "what would you say to them?"

"I'd order them to work," he said. "I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine—the theory of the duty of the leisure class of the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached—first and foremost to be American, heart and soul, and to go in with any person, heedless of anything but the person's qualifications. For myself, I'd work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendant of a patroon; it literally makes no difference to me, as long as the work is good and the man is earnest One thing, I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family. but he who has means owes his first duty to the State. It is ignoble to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."—[Review of Reviews.



THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT.

AN INDIAN CHIEF FARMING IN THE MIDST OF HIS WHITE BROTHERS.

Gabriel Godfroy, more familiarly known as Chief Godfroy, owns one of the finest farms in northern Indiana. He looks after it himself, and it is cared for in a most successful manner.

Surrounding him, at home, is his wife and several small children, the youngest not more than a year old. In the neighborhood are hundreds of Miami Indians who very frequently look to Chief Godfroy for all kinds of advice and assistance.

The above is what the Philadelphia Press says in a lengthy sketch with portrait of the somewhat famous chief, and we venture the assertion, based on actual observation, that there is scarcely an Indian in the land, of the age of Chief Godfroy, who could not now be owning his farm and living happily upon it with his family, had it not been for the false sentiment entertained by those around him that he is an Indian and must remain so.

Missionaries, Government workers and all connected with Indian education would resent the statement that Indians under their charge are taught that they are and must remain a peculiar and dependent people. "We try to teach them the opposite," they say, but the principle is promulgated not so much through words as by Indians being encouraged to remain on reservations or in communities of allottees, with money in trust to be doled out in the form of rations and annuities to individuals.

Chief Godfroy must have learned through conditions in early life that he had to stand upon his own feet. Had he been fed without the necessity for work, dare we say that he would now be the successful, independent man he is represented?

Indians are not the lazy beings some people call them.

Middle aged Indian men and women and those termed old will labor if they see anything to work for.

They are no more fond of work for work's sake than are their white brothers, but those who have been in the Indian service long enough to observe intelligently will back up the assertion that if there is anything to be gained personally, the Indian is ready to endure hardships and to labor with the faithfulness that commands trust.

We occasionally hear railroad contractors and others in the west assert they would rather employ Indians as laborers than Chinamen or the rude Irish, Hungarian or Polander; but again the report comes that the Indian is shiftless as a workman and not reliable. When we know, however, that shiftlessness and irresponsibility come about through lack of necessity for labor, and through improper encouragement, we are able to see why the Indians suffer such a reputation.

It will take time for the Indian of today to grow out of the feeling that he is a ward of the Government and that his beneficent great father at Washington will not let him die with hunger, which assurance drives away the sharp impetus necessary to continuous struggle and steadfast purpose.

Chief Godfroy is no different from others of his race except that he had the proper encouragement in his growing years and young manhood to be a man and a citizen, while the dominant encouragement of the rising Indian, through his annuities, through his lands, through the schooling at home, is to remain what he is—AN INDIAN.

HASKELL INSTITUTE, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A new auditorium nearly completed, says the Lawrence Journal, is a handsome two-story building, the seating capacity of which is about 800. It fronts the west and is entered by three doors. The floor slopes toward the platform which is at the west end. The windows are of colored glass and the ceiling is paneled. A gallery extends across the west side which can in the future be extended around the room. It is heated by steam and lighted by rows of electric lights extending between the panels. It will be seated with assembly chairs. The basement is 90x60 feet and will be fitted up as a gymnasium The cost of the building is $18,500.

The Manual Training Department.

The greatest advance in educational methods has been the thorough organization of the industrial work under Mr. Zuebert of Baltimore, Md., a graduate of a manual training school, and a thoroughly educated gentleman who is doing for this department what Mr. Peairs as principal did for the literary department. At present all boys under 14 years of age have two and a half hours a week instruction in sloyd. Boys over 14 years are taught trades in which they are obliged to take a systematic two year's course in manual training, including work in wood and iron, and a two years' course of mechanical drawing. The first year's instruction in this latter course is the same for all, but the second years' course is along special lines fitting them to draw plans for their trade work. As an example a boy in the wagon shop is expected to be able to draw a working plan of any part of the wagon. Thus the manual work is placed upon a scientific basis and made equal in efficiency and importance to the literary work.

One Step More.

There is still one step to be taken, continues the Journal, before Haskell Institute will approach the ideal school. Until the Indian has learned to measure all values in money which shall be earned in the sweat of his brow, the Indian problem will not be solved, the Indian will not be civilized. Until he learns that a meal can only be obtained by so much good, honest work; that a suit of clothes means hours and days of hard labor of brain or of brawn; that an education means so much responsibility faithfully shouldered; the intellectual, industrial, moral and religious training of the students will fall short of what it ought to be, and they will fail to appreciate their opportunities. When a system of debit and credit can be established with each individual and the faithfulness and character of his work can be measured in good, solid silver and gold dollars, then will he truly see the advantages which the government is so generously offering him and begin to understand their value. Then will he be able to go out among men on an equal footing. Towards this end are the management and workers of Haskell institute earnestly and hopefully aspiring.

MIXED POPULATION.

In making a treaty it is not only the half breeds and full-bloods that are to be looked after, but the status of the white adopted and that of the negro must be definitely fixed. The Cherokee Nation has almost as many different classes of citizenship as that of the United States after they shall ratify the treaty just completed, they have the Hawaiians, the Philippines and the Porto Ricans, we the Delawares, the Shawnees, white adopted, negro and others.—[The Indian Sentinel.

A BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Mr. Hanbury, mentioned in the item below taken from the West Coast Trade, Tacoma, is an ex-pupil of Carlisle:

Davis & Hanbury, progressive and intelligent Alaskan natives, are in the city this week, buying stocks for opening a large general store at Metlakahtla. After an investigation of various markets Messrs Davis & Hanbury decided that Tacoma was the most advantageous point for purchasing, and have satisfied their needs at this point.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE AMONG THE INDIANS.

A Farmers' Institute to be held at the Oneida Reservation, Wisconsin, on the 26th and 27th of January, will be the first farmers' institute ever held among the Indians any where, says the De Pere News, and the fact that it will be held is due to the efforts of Rev. W. W. Soule, the Methodist Episcopal Missionary of Oneida.

It is not uncommon, says the Herald-Sentinel, of Cloud Chief, Oklahoma, to behold a prairie schooner rolling through our streets with a stove pipe projecting briefly through the top of it, from which is curling a volume of black smoke.

NEWS SUMMARY FOR THE MONTH.

The first school day in the new year, 1899, came on Monday, January 2.

We have had sufficient arctic weather to keep very good skating.

La Grippe has laid several victims low for a time, but no one has been seriously ill.

Several country schools visited the Indian school when there was good sleighing.

Major and Mrs. Pratt are still in the Bermudas, but are expected home on the 5th or 6th of February.

Several hundred new books have been added to the library, and healthful reading is on the increase among our pupils.

Miss Shaffner is on her rounds among the girls on farms, looking after their country home interests and visiting the schools they attend.

Miss Maud B.Cummins, formerly of the school and now of Battle Creek, Michigan, is writing a series of interesting illustrated articles about our school in The Youth's Instructor, a paper of long standing and extensive circulation.

The half-tone plates now being printed in the RED MAN are expensive, but if our subscription list increases correspondingly and a new interest is created in the rising Indian we will be amply repaid for the expense and trouble of placing the views before the public.

"The more haste the less speed," was the motto learned by one of our younger students. Then one day he tried to do something in a hurry. The more he hurried the less advance he seemed to make, and almost giving up, exclaimed: "There it is, the more hurry up, the more go slow."

The lengthening days are welcome to our shops which are not well lighted. The printing-office is the best lighted of any, having ten electric-light bulbs, over cases and mailing tables. We are able to work up to the minute for closing even on the darkest days; then, we frequently have night work which makes good lighting a necessity.

The teachers who went away for the holiday period returned looking rested and well fortified for the hardest part of the year's work. It surely pays to give oneself a little change from routine work. It pays in the interest of the work and in the interest of the person taking the rest.

Having with us now as pupils several Alaskan Indians and Esquimaux who were brought to us by the Rev. Dr. Jackson, and knowing much of the Doctor and his great work, the article printed elsewhere, headed "The Situation in Alaska," taken from the Presbyterian Banner, is of special interest.

The Academic Department furnishes monthly an exhibition for the school, in the Assembly Hall. Recitation, declamations, tableaux, dialogues, singing and instrumental music fill in the hour much to the enjoyment of the student body and others assembled. We are frequently treated to thoughts from the best minds through Indian lips with good expression and delivery. The efforts of the beginners are always interesting. Each of the 14 departments usually furnishes one performance. Tableaux are used to impress by living pictures, scenes in history and classic romance and art

Our Band now numbers 61 magnificent pieces—2 Piccolos, 2 Flutes 2 E-flat Clarinets, 2 C Clarinets, 14 B flat Clarinets, 2 Oboes,1 Cor Anglais,1 AltoClarinet,1 Flageolet, 2 Bass Clarinets, 2 Sarrusophones,3 Saxophones,2 Bassoons, 2 B flat Cornets 4 B flat Trumpet-,2 Fleugal Horns,4French Horns, 3 slide Trombones ,2 E flat Basses, 2 BB-flat Basses, 2 Euphoniums, 1 Snare drum, 1 Pair Kettle Drums, 1 Bass Drum and 1 Pair Cymbals. The horns are silver-plated and of C. G. Conn make. The organization is composed of school boys from 23 tribes of Indians. By persistent and hard practice, these Indian boys are becoming proficient in nigh grade music. Director Dennison Wheelock, himself an Indian and graduate of Carlisle, is not easily satisfied, and to have it said that his boys play very well for Indians is more of an offense to him than commendation. His aim is to play WELL, and before time to go to Paris next year, he expects to reach a point which will place the Carlisle Indian School band among the best, on merit alone.

On Christmas Sunday, a service prepared for and specially adapted to our needs was carried out, the Rev. Dr. Wile, of the First Lutheran Church, of Carlisle, our present pastor, officiating. The dinners for students and faculty came on Sunday. Monday was the day observed as Christmas holiday for all, while Saturday, the last day of the year, was observed as the New Year's holiday for all.

During the holiday vacation a number of our boys and girls visited country homes, where they had lived the previous summer or at other times. A warm feeling of affection is very apt to grow up between the patrons and Indian students, when they get fully acquainted with each other. And where this feeling exists the influence for good that a farm patron or matron has over the individual cannot be estimated. Lessons that could never be learned in an institution are absorbed unconsciously by the seeker for experience. With 600 Indians out as we had last summer, and have every summer, and with hundreds remaining out the year round, who can measure the wide-spread influence that these individual lessons exert, on the father, mother, brothers sisters and friends at home.

Among the winter games in the gymnasium, basket-ball takes the lead. It is a very satisfying game to watch. Shops vie with each other for championship, and we are getting thereby some excellent players.

Disciplinarian Thompson, who is also the athletic teacher of the school, has his classes down to persistent daily practice, and they are beginning to present a fine appearance when the gymnasium floor is full. Class leaders drill the awkward squads, who as fast as they are able enter the general class. Some of the movements of clubs, wands, dumb-bells and free hand, are intricate and difficult to remember, yet the pupils drill with a precision and accuracy that is most pleasing to witness. The general good health of the school may be credited largely to the gymnasium and the compulsory drill, which is not compulsory after all, for with few exceptions the exercise is liked by the students. The "as-you-please" practice after each regular drill is very much enjoyed. Mr. Thompson has made a study of the science of exercise and has introduced the very best methods in use.

Miss Gertrude Simmons, a Sioux maiden who has received a partial college education, and for the past two years has been a teacher with us, left at the beginning of the year for Boston, where she will take a special course in the Conservatory of Music, her special line of study being the violin.

The study hour period is sometime employed by the various classes, especially those of the upper rooms, in debate. Generally a question of the day which the class has been studying will be taken up and discussed. In no way does originality of thought and expression find vent so freely as through debate, and the students enjoy it.

Among the visitors of the month, was United States Indian Inspector, J. George Wright. Colonel Wright is a man of long experience among Indians, having begun as clerk at the Rosebud Agency, South Dakota, when his father was agent, and afterward, for a number of years serving as agent for the same Indians. His field as Inspector is a much larger one, and his work with one of the largest tribes should enable him to render with impartiality and tact, the important decisions that United States Indian Inspectors are frequently called upon to make. Colonel Wright is now on duty with the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory, dealing with the many intricate questions arising with the operation of the Curtis bill, and wrestling with the educational problem of the Territory. His experience with day schools while agent at Rosebud Agency, will give him great advantage in this special part of his work.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

On this page may be seen the Choir which adds much to the interest of all the services and entertainments of the school. The Indian is fond of singing and readily learns new tunes. While he has time naturally, the mechanical construction of notes is a little difficult to learn and his ear must be cultivated before he can distinguish the difference between full clear strains and the flat uncertain tones produced by the uncultivated singer.

On 7th page a picture shows the School Kitchen, which is fitted up with large ranges and steam cooking apparatus.