The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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THE RED MAN.

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The problem is not, What to do for the Indians; but, How to STOP doing for them.

Let us emphasize the country and not the race; instead of American Indian, say Indian-American.

The intermingling of the races will soon settle this Indian question, provided the children of mixed parentage are counted as whites, and not as Indians. Why do persons of one-half or more white blood generally insist upon being known as INDIANS? Partly in self-defence, it may be, lest some ill-bred individual should think to remind them of their native inheritance. The main reason, however, is really a less creditable one. They call themselves Indians because THEY EXPECT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF IT.

One of the deepest-seated and most depressing tendencies of the present is this very inclination on the part of advanced Indians to emphasize and even—must we say it? advertise their nationality. The causes are not far to seek. They are, first, the fact that members of many tribes, even though of infinitely little Indian blood, may reap substantial advantages in the shape of lands, annuities, free schooling and other special benefits. Second, there is the habit of glorification of the race, and excessive praise of any ordinary achievement "by an Indian," on the part of his enthusiastic friends. Nearly all of us must plead guilty to this error now and then.

This is not to argue that the genuine Indian should be deprived of any of his rights, or of any credit that belongs to him, but that the sooner all educated, and especially all "white Indians," learn that they have really more to gain by identifying themselves with us absolutely than by clinging to the race designation and developing an undue race-consciousness, the sooner will dawn the day of their complete emancipation.

THE LOGIC OF MISSIONS.

We call the attention of our religious critics to a fact that is sometimes overlooked—namely, that civilization and Christianity are not by any means synonymous terms.

The religion of Jesus is simple, communistic in spirit, and well adapted to a primitive people. The wild Indian may accept and live up to it without changing his garb or his social customs in any marked degree. He is naturally reverent, and his moral code is not far different from that of more enlightened people.

The civilization of this age and nation is selfish, conventional, complex and intense. The missionary on an Indian reservation confuses the Gospel message and perplexes his simple auditors by insisting upon short hair, for example, and "store-clothes" as evidences of conversion. At the same time, he cannot teach civilization with even a reasonable degree of efficiency. After a life-time of hard work, he may be able to point to moderate changes in dress and habits; but he has not given his people the white man's language nor the power to cope with the white man's civilization; nor could he do so, under the same conditions, if he labored for a thousand years.

Carlisle does not oppose the church in its religious character, but as a secular institution we regard it as distinctly open to criticism. We do not antagonize the missionary as a religious teacher; but we do claim that as an Americanizer of Indians he falls hopelessly short of success. He may, if he be exceptionally patient and gifted, build up an Indian community that is almost ideal in its way; but there will not be and cannot be in this happy village, one individual who has developed the courage and the capacity to stand alone.

What is your point of view? If you look upon the red brother in our midst as an outside heathen and barbarian, then by all means send missionaries to him with the story of Jesus. Let them require of him only to resign his native superstitions and heathen ceremonies and to live an innocent and kindly life. This he can do without changing his speech, his garb, his dwelling, or the simple habits that are dear to him. He need not do violence to his feelings by giving up his children for instruction in an alien language and foreign customs. By all means let him remain in perpetual tutelage, protected and helped and sheltered—a pathetic anomaly—a grown-up child!

If, however, you regard him as an American citizen in process of evolution, then you must adopt a radically different method. Modern civilization cannot be taught by precept—it must be learned by experience. It cannot be carried to the Indian in a lump—the Indian must come out and meet it in single combat.

Leave him in the midst of civilization, and he will civilize himself effectually in less time than the missionary takes to begin to prepare him for the plunge. Don't be too much afraid of hurting his feelings. Don't think he has to be told everything in advance. Let him find out a few things by trying. Just let him alone; and in fifteen or twenty years you wouldn't know him for an Indian, except by his complexion and the shape of his features. If he has been made one of us from infancy, he will have no recollections, no prejudices, no sentiments that belong to race—except such as may have been suggested to him by officious friends. Let him alone for another generation or two, and even the physical features of his race will have well-nigh disappeared. His son will not look like an Indian—his grandson will perhaps have forgotten to call himself one!

Nor is there anything impious or irreligious about this proposal of ours. We simply advise you to trust to the innate manhood of the red man—trust to the reason and the conscience and the will that God gave him, and that all the coddling and babying that he has thus far received has weakened but not destroyed. The reservation system, including its missionary adjuncts, is a man-made system. However well-meant, it remains a failure. Why not try God's way?

THE ETHNOLOGIST AND THE INDIAN.

The status of primitive man is a subject of entirely legitimate interest. We do not question the right of the ethnologist to study the native North American or any other race from his standpoint, as a particular type of humanity at a given stage of development. We do object, however, when he assumes to criticize, still from his own narrow standpoint, the methods and results of another's beneficent activity.

There are two ways of looking at a man—white, black, yellow or red. You may classify him, for purely scientific purposes, as a racial type at a fixed stage of culture; or you may regard him in the much more human light of a distinct personality, with infinite and immortal possibilities. It simplifies matters wonderfully to call him just a man, with a man's innate powers and a man's inherent right to their fullest development.

First it was Mr C. F. Lummis, a traveller and writer of the Pacific slope—now it is Professor Frederick Starr, who lectures upon Anthropology in the University of Chicago, and incidentally goes out of his way to protest against Indian education! These gentlemen, it appears, have been making a study of the American aborigine, and no doubt they know all about him in his primitive character. His physical peculiarities,—dress—houses—occupations—native arts—amusements—warfare and religion—all these topics have been investigated and treated with more or less completeness. We do not understand that Prof. Starr is an original investigator, but judge that he collates and discourses upon the discoveries of others in this interesting field.

But what an excellent thing it would be if these estimable scientists would confine the expression of their views to matters within their scope! We have already taken note of Mr. Lummis' outrageous attack upon the whole system and theory of Indian schools. Now comes Prof. Starr with the statement, made in a public lecture and immediately reported to us by one of his audience, that "the only thing Carlisle has succeeded in doing for the Indians is to crush out every noble and sympathetic feeling, and to develop their avarice!"

Let us pause to analyze this startling assertion. That the child cannot become a man and still retain the unconsciousness of childhood, is no less certain than that the primitive man cannot take on civilization and keep all of his native simplicity. The Indian in his native state holds most of his property in common, and the richest man is he who gives most away. To beggar one's self in the exercise of hospitality is deemed a virtue. If this man does not learn something of the nature of property and the value of money, he cannot become civilized. Carlisle teaches thrift—not avarice.

Mr. Lummis' hysterical plea that the family tie is disrupted and the foundations of society overturned by educating Indian children away from the tribe, is of the same specious order.

Unquestionably there results a certain modification of that blind loyalty to family and clan which in the Indian amounts to a religion. An enlightened charity for all is better, is it not? than an instinctive and superstitious regard for the mere tie of blood. The natural affections are elevated, not destroyed by education; the original or intuitive virtues raised to a higher and more stable plane—or if not, then our boasted civilization is a failure.

If the cliff-dweller in his remote fastness is really more of a man than the college professor, then let the man of learning abjure his books and all the luxuries of his modern life and surroundings, and return to the savage state he delights to praise. There is no life without progress—no progress without some loss—but we prefer to believe for ourselves and for our fellow man that all this loss is compensated by greater gain.

PASSING OF THE "WILD WEST."

A good deal of comment has been occasioned by the recent action of both Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock and Indian Commissioner Jones, in refusing to renew the contracts to take Indians away from their reservations for show purposes. It has long been known and freely said by persons in sympathy with Indian civilization, that participation in these shows is demoralizing and discouraging to progress. The contention that the Indians who thus cherish and exhibit their savagery for a consideration, are fairly paid and well-treated, is doubtless true in the case of Col. Cody (though not so with all of his imitators:) but this does not touch at all the real argument in the case.

Probably no Indians have suffered more from this "show business" than those of the Pine Ridge agency in South Dakota. Their agent, as well as many others, and nearly all missionaries, are on record against it, and the subject is dwelt upon at some length by Commissioner Jones in his last annual report. The decision not to legalize such contracts in future is the only just and consistent one, and it is to be hoped that it will put an effectual stop to this pernicious practice.

THE EXAMINATION FETICH.

An article on this subject in the Outlook, and an animated letter that afterwards appeared in the correspondence of the same paper, deserves to be read by all worshippers of the civil-service system of written tests. We quote a few sentences from the latter.

The system has spread over the land, as panics have a fashion of spreading; it should be reasoned down before it is legislated that the test be applied to candidates for college presidency. It is very doubtful whether Seth Low or President Elliot would be able to "pass" to other positions if examined in elementary studies.

I know a woman of mature years and of wisdom which has come from intellectual growth. She spends her vacation in studying to keep abreast of the newest literature and methods in her specialty. She can and has carried off the highest university credits in examination on the critical study of Corneille or Racine or French construction; and yet when she is selected by a Boston superintendent as the most desirable special instructor he can find, she is not able to accept the position because she has neither strength nor courage to prepare herself for examination in physics, algebra, geometry, chemistry, and other studies which she disposed of as a school-girl, and which have no bearing on her chosen work in life. If this system is persevered in, we shall have nothing but misfits in school positions—the mechanical toy.

We all agree in the end to be desired—fitness the only road to service—but we are not all of us certain that in the civil service examinations we have the best possible means to this end.

LITTLE LIGHT MOCCASIN.

LITTLE LIGHT Moccasin swings in her basket,
Woven of willow and sinew of deer,
Rocked by the breezes and nursed by the pine tree,—
Wonderful things are to see and to hear.

Wide is the sky from the top of the mountain.
Sheltered the canyon from glare of the sun;
Ere she is wearied of watching their changes,
Little Light Moccasin finds she can run.

Brown is her skin as the bark of the birches,
Light are her feet as the feet of a fawn;
Shy little daughter of mesa and mountain,
Little Light Moccasin wakes with the dawn!

All of the treasures of summer-time canyons.
These are the playthings the little maid knows,
Berry time, blossom time, bird calls and butterflies.
Columbine trumpets, and sweet brier rose.

Bearmeat and deermeat, with pinenuts and acorns,
Handsful of honey-comb dripping with sweet,
Tubers of joint grass the meadows provide her,
Bulbs of wild hyacinth, pleasant to eat.

Holes in the rocks for the wild bee's hiving,
Leaping of trout in the sun-dappled pool.
Down dropping cones of the broad spreading pine tree.
Piping of quail when the mornings are cool!

When on the mesa the meadow lark stooping
Folds her brown wings on the safe hidden nest,
Hearing the hoot of the owlets at twilight,
Little Light Moccasin goes to her rest.

Counting the stars through the chinks of the wicky-up,
Watching the flames of the camp fire leap,
Hearing the songs of the wind in the pine tree,
Little Light Moccasin falls fast asleep.

MARY AUSTIN in Indian Advance.

FACE TO FACE.

(Founded upon Fact.)

"Hi, Bill! Heard the news?"

Bill Crafton lounged up to the speaker. "No. What?" he asked. And his scowling brows knit more closely as he caught the dissatisfaction in Charley Masters' voice.

"Last year," returned Charley, "it was an out-and-out Malay. This year it's to be a red-skin. If we go on at this rate, we can't tell soon what race we are of here."

" 'Specially if we play football till we 're all the color of bricks," laughed Roger Welles, who had followed in Crafton's wake. "But, Masters, is this one of the Carlisle team? We might have some fun with him. Or is he a green hand from some place nobody ever heard of?"

"O, if our Pres. picked him up, you may lay your life he's some fellow that's never had a chance," declared Masters. "And he's sure to be as green as he is red."

"When's he coming?" asked Roger as the laughter died away.

"As soon as he can scrape up the money. I believe his sister is trying to put him through. Pretty plucky, isn't she—for an Indian?"

Crafton sniffed. "Don't you know," he retorted, "if that's the case, he'll get in here mighty cheap; the Pres. will see to that."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Masters. "But the fellow will have to be coached; why, he can't even talk English straight, I hear."

Roger Welles pricked up his ears. Roger was a boy who had more ideas in his head than dollars in his pocket, and he would not be averse to earning a little by coaching. The coming Indian might have a personal interest for him. But he said nothing of this; his tongue was too clever to wag all the time.

"I can stand most anything," declared Crafton, who certainly looked big and strong enough for it; "but red Indians in our college are too much for me."

"Bill prefers white ones," returned Roger, with a solemn face that set the other boys who had now gathered about, laughing.

Crafton's scowl deepened. "There's one thing I can say about it, fellows," he answered. "Poor Lo will find it too hot for him here. That's certain."

"Either he, or somebody else," muttered Roger as Crafton turned on his heel and walked off with his head in the air and his hands in his pockets which were generally well supplied with money; and Crafton had great faith in this.

"I didn't mean to set him up against the Indian," said Masters looking after Crafton. "But this is a white man's college, and ought to be kept so."

"I'm afraid you're getting a bit behind the age," said Roger. "It isn't the latest fad to rub in the color line quite so hard; we're going in more for the broad style of education. Some of the fellows are proud of our ultra liberality, you know. But then, of course, OF COURSE," he added, "a man's own race counts for no end of things."

"That's so! That's so!" assented his listeners.

* * * * *

Several hundred miles away from the college grounds upon which this conversation took place, two young women were looking out of the window of a little room in a small but comfortable house, that stood in the midst of cultivated fields and of pastures beyond which stretched the woods. The girls' midnight hair and the tongue in which one of them spoke as she turned to her mother proved them Indians. But their skins were no darker than the skins of many an Anglo-Saxon, and they talked to one another in English that might have been used in a drawing-room; indeed, voice, gesture and manners fitted them for good society.

"Silly boy!" said the younger sister; "when he ought to have been studying the last day before going to college!"

"I don't know," returned the elder. "He wouldn't be happy, Rosa, unless he had said good by to everything on the place."

"And he hasn't left out a calf or a pony," answered the other. "Look at the dog trotting after him every step he takes. And there are his three kittens just run out at him; they must be taken up and have a frolic."

Quick tears came to the eyes of the elder sister. "Dear boy! How kind and good he has been; and how he has worked on the farm. I don't see what father will do without him. But this is his first real chance; he has always taken our places when we have gone away to school: now it is his turn."

"There's father now," said the younger. "They're coming in together."

A man aged and bent with toil rather than with years, yet with a look of patience and strength that made his worn face pleasant, entered the room followed by his son. As the family sat down to the last evening meal which they were to partake of all together for many a day, each one assumed a cheerfulness not felt. Mr. Bearson did not himself know how he was to get on without his son; for the farm was too hard for them both, and he was too poor to hire much help. But he rejoiced in Joe's opportunity, and no complaint of his had made it harder for the boy to leave them. His mother told him that she would learn English by the time he came back, and aired the few phrases she knew best. After a silence, his sister said to him with a smile, "Joe, do you remember when you were a mite of a fellow, how one day you came running into the house and slammed the door after you and stood behind it, panting and breathless? 'The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!' you shouted in terror. And when we all began to laugh at you, it was the first time you knew that we were Indians ourselves!"

"Yes," he answered. And the recollection comforted him with its assurance that he was not so far removed from the strangers whom he longed, yet dreaded to meet. For he MUST go out into the great world beckoning him.

* * * * * * * *

Joe Bearson had been a month at the college. His welcome by the faculty had been cordial. Roger Welles had slipped into his coveted place as coach to the young Indian. His work made him a friend to Joe, and the hints that he gave were appreciated with surprising quickness. The Indian had many well-wishers among the students who perceived that he had come there to work. And those who felt differently toward him found it somewhat difficult to jibe at the imperfect English of a young man over six feet in height, who looked at them steadily in a dignified silence before he walked away. He had not escaped the usual initiation of college students, and had taken with great patience and good nature such experiences as fall to the lot of new comers. "Everything for student, nothing for Indian," he explained one day to Roger.

But although Welles repeated this statement with the warning that the Indian meant it, Bill Crafton and company determined to have their fun out of him.

Masters, too, had set himself against interlopers; and, as he explained, who has been more considered an interloper on this continent than the Indian? He belonged on the reservation; and he should go back there—unless he enjoyed having it made hot for him.

"Say, Lo," said Crafton one day as Bearson was crossing the campus which was full of boys, "say, where does your father keep his tomahawk? Say, how does he do it? Show us, will you?"

A glance not unlike steel flashed from Joe's dark eyes; and his ready hand caught the other by the collar, since no scalp lock was convenient, twisted him about two or three times in a resistless grasp, and then flung him sprawling upon the ground. "Indian only want warrior's scalp; yours no account," he retorted contemptuously; and strode away, leaving his enemy unhurt, save in his pride.

A shout of laughter followed him. He did not look back; he thought it was for him. He sat in his room trembling with pride and rage. What could be more terrible than to be laughed at? He would go home, but for the sister whose salary as teacher had given him this opportunity, and the parents who expected great things of him. It was not the Indian way to flinch and show pain. But he quivered in his inmost soul as the shaft of ridicule pierced him. He was still seated with open book, but unseeing the words before him, when Welles burst in.

"Good for you, Joe!" he cried, "That bully got it this time; and there's not a fellow on the grounds but himself that wasn't glad of it. You did that up first-class, Joe. Didn't you hear them clap you? You went off as if you hadn't any ears. Perhaps everything got into your fingers just then—eh?"

Then, they were shouting for him, not laughing at him. The boy sat in silence; it seemed to Roger that not a muscle of his face moved. Yet in that instant he passed from sharp pain to delight. So, the laugh was against the other fellow? Applause for himself! He glanced up at last with a half smile at his companion. And Roger had never had a better lesson from him than on that day; in his joy he seemed to have leaped into a sudden comprehension of the language which was and was to be to him one of triumph, and not of defeat.

The following week Masters stopped h m as Joe was walking, some distance from the college grounds.

"So, you've changed your room-mate, Joe," he said. "Why?"

No answer; and as Masters gazed into the set face he saw there was to be none.

"Benton is a friend of mine," he went on. "What business had you to complain of him?"

"I did not complain of him," returned the Indian.

"O, well, it amounts to the same thing. So long as the President knows you asked to change, he'll think something's up. You can't make a mistake, you know," he added scornfully.

"I didn't that time," said Joe.

As Benton had once roomed with Masters, the latter knew as well as Joe that idleness and riot reigned where Benton did. But he chose to ignore justice in defence of his former chum.

"When you offend Benton, you offend me," he answered hotly; "And you'll have to answer to me for it."

Joe looked at him. It was not the Indian way to squabble; with Indians to fight meant blood, perhaps death. He had no quarrel. But if one were forced upon him, he had muscles with which to meet it And he could be angry; the hot blood thumping through his heart and tingling at the ends of his fingers as he looked at his antagonist told him that. But, all at once as he stood there, he seemed to feel a light hand pressing his arm, and to see loving eyes looking into his, and to hear the voice of his sister to whom he owed so much, saying to him that it was not for himself alone, nor even for his family only, that he was to enter this new life; it was for his race that he must stand; he would be one of those by whom the white man would measure the Indian; and for the sake of those who had yet had no opportunity he must show himself a man among men. Who doubted Indian courage? He had no ambition to be a champion fighter. But what was he to do with this fellow?

The fellow solved the question himself by giving him a blow in the face. The dark cheek of the Indian grew swarthier, and he clenched his hands a moment. He drew back. His muscles grew tense. With a swoop he picked up Masters unaware from the ground, and holding him in a grasp that the boy said afterwards a vice could not have equalled—a grasp that Masters could no more resist than a baby—he ran with him a few steps, then suddenly relaxing his hold, he dropped the white boy into a small stream that ran through the fields.

"You get cooled off there this hot day," he said over his shoulder; and walked off.

At the top of the hill he looked back. Masters had risen and waded ashore and was shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog. When Joe reached his own room his cheek was still hot and his breath came fast. But he sat down to his lessons as if nothing had happened.

Something did happen, however. An hour later there came a tap at his door. There stood Masters spotlessly arrayed.

"Bearson, you're a good fellow," he began. "I've come to say I was a cad to attack you that way; and you served me right. What do you say to our being friends?"

As Joe's hand met his, "I like you," the Indian said briefly. Then his eyes looked into the white boy's and he added:

"My people all need friends."

"They shall have me," returned Masters. And he kept his word.

Crafton, however, was made of other stuff; generosity could not appeal to him. Since he no longer ventured to tackle Bearson personally, he tormented the boy's new room-mate, a worthy little fellow with plenty of brains, but no muscles to speak of. Crafton and two of his cronies began a series of persecutions against the young man. From small they came to great, until one day the young Indian suddenly stood between them and their intended victim.

"You better understand me," he said. "No more of this. Will you go out of the door; or out of the window?"

He had picked up an Indian club with which he was fond of exercising and stood facing them and swinging it lightly to and fro as if to give it an impetus in case of need. They were three to one, for Cassell did not count.

"Out of the door, or out of the windows?" he repeated.

The three turned and left.

"Let's quit it," they said to one another outside. "There's too much of him."

English went on, and lessons went on, too slowly for the ambition of the Indian boy who, used to supporting himself on the farm chafed at living upon his sister's earnings, and longed with all his strength to repay the kindness which had made his expenses at the college so small.

"The latest thing," said Roger to Masters one day, "is that Bearson's going in for the declamation prize."

"Psho!" cried the other. "Pity he does that. He hasn't the ghost of a chance. Has he?"

Roger shook his head. "I'm afraid not. He has talent enough. But he's been here only seven months. I advised him not to try, and fail. But he said the trying wouldn't hurt him. I believe the poor fellow thinks it's less disgrace not to win than not to try."

Masters stood a moment. "I rather think that's so, too," he answered. "But he'll take failure hard; I'm sorry for him. It's odd, but we've all got into a way of adopting him."

Roger echoed his laugh. "Well, there's something to adopt," he answered, "whether you take it mind, or muscle"

The weeks went by all too fast for Joe, who struggled as no one but himself could know with the intricacies of an unfamiliar tongue. June came with its delights of sky and field and tree; and its momentous day when the declamations were to be listened to by the faculty, the boys, the many guests, and, most important of all, it seemed to Bearson at the moment, by the contestants themselves. With an immeasurable inward fear and trembling, but with a face and step as proud and calm as ever Indian's was, he ascended the rostrum and began to speak. For the first few words his voice faltered; then all at once the audience before him disappeared from his view, and he seemed to be in the state house of the capital of his own state, where he had never been, but where he knew hung the portrait of his own great-grandfather, an Indian orator whose voice had made itself heard and honored among the white men. The genius of his race—a race of orators—descended upon him. He no longer trembled like a school boy; nor did he declaim like one; but with confidence, with power, with a fire that silenced every murmur in the room to listen to him, and that when he had finished made an instant's hush before the storm of applause burst forth. This time Bearson did not mistake for whom it came.

The award was unquestioned Joe went home that summer with the gold medal of the victorious declaimer hung about his neck, buttoned safely under his coat out of sight.

And now he has gone back again to college, to win more honors

And with him has gone another of his race whose path Joe has already smoothed.

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

A VISIT TO THE NORTHERN RESERVATIONS.

If you will look at the map of the United States on which the orange colored sections are the Indian reservations, and will compare the total area of these reservations with the space occupied by all the New England states, New York, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, you will have, perhaps, a more definite idea of the vast expanse of territory still reserved to the Indians.

Some two months of this last summer, I spent in visiting some of the most western and northern of these reservations. Crossing the continent by the Santa Fe route to Los Angeles, I attended the sessions of the National Educational Association, (which brought together some 10,000 public school teachers from all parts of the country,) and the sessions of the Institute for Teachers in the Indian Schools, which met with the National Association and continued its sessions for some ten days after the adjournment of the larger gathering Between three and four hundred teachers, agents and employees in the Indian service attended this Institute. The interest shown in all the discussions, the methods advocated, the spirit which evidently actuated most of those who were present, and the average of intelligence and of professional equipment on the part of those teachers in the Indian service, were most gratifying.

After visiting the contract school at San Diego, California, and the large and admirable Government non-reservation boarding-school (with its trade school and school buildings for 350 children,) as well as the Puyallup school at Tacoma, Washington, I spent several weeks in informing myself as fully as possible of the state of affairs upon the Klamath reservation, in southern Oregon, and the great northern reservations in Montana; viz., the Blackfeet agency, at Browning, Montana; and the Fort Belknap and Fort Peck agencies.

We went first to the Klamath agency in Southern Oregon. That agency has about six hundred Klamath and five hundred Modocs and Piutes. It has about 1650 square miles. There are two government schools, one at the main agency costing about $18,000 a year for 130 children, and the other, at Yainax, (the sub-agency) costing about $17,000 a year for 125 children. Of the 1072 Indians on the reservation, 450 can read, and 650 speak English well enough to get on in ordinary conversation about every day affairs.

They built 41 houses last year. They are able to earn about 60 per cent. of their living by civilized employments, 20 per cent. comes by hunting and fishing, and the government gives them 20 per cent. of their subsistence. We saw nine barns put up in the frame this year but not yet sided in. They need more lumber. The saw-mill has been burned down recently, and they feared it would take nine months to get another; but I hope that by this time the burnt mill has been replaced. Two hundred houses are occupied by the Indians,—that is, a house to every five or six persons. They are small. one-story frame houses, with a steep roof; but they are comfortable and promising.

In summer these Indians go out into their wicky-ups, made by making a circle of saplings or poles, and bending the tops in together, bending them in a small circle, the whole, (except the central hole in the top,) covered with tule mats, woven from a rush which covers miles of land along shallow lakes and streams. Some of these wicky-ups are very pretty summer homes; and the removal from the winter home to the summer wicky-up, is not a much more serious relapse toward barbarism than is the "outing," the week or two of "camping out," for us.

On the whole, I do not think these Indians have taken any backward steps. They cultivate about a thousand acres, but agriculture is discouraging work, with them, for they have frost every month in the year, and the garden growths are "cut down" by frost, again and again. I wonder that they have patience to raise as much as they do! There are 28,000 acres fenced in. I saw many miles of excellent, strongly built fences, of post and wire. Last year they raised 5 000 bushels of oats, rye and barley; 4 500 tons of hay, and made 1,000 lbs. of butter. They sawed 852,000 feet of lumber. By hauling freight they earned $2,130 with their teams; and they sold $22,000 worth of farm products. They own 3,500 horses and ponies, (though the ponies are worthless except for riding;) 3,500 cattle; 350 swine, and 650 domestic fowls.

My constant sermon to them was:

"Learn how to change ponies into cows!"

I had a talk with an old chief of the Piutes about that. He was a conservative, a bad piece of inertia, stout, apathetic, good natured but reactionary! I asked:

"How many cattle have you?"

"Ugh, seven."

"How many ponies?"

"Ugh,—suppose seventy."

"How much does it cost to raise a two-year-old heifer? Does it cost more than to raise a pony?"

He admitted that it did not.

"What is a two-year-old steer worth?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"What is a pony worth?"

"Nothing."

"Then," I asked, "why don't you get rid of your ponies and raise cattle to sell?"

"What for sell them?"

"To get money," I replied.

"Don't want money."

"Well, if you had cows you could have milk."

"Don't want milk; want pony. Indian don't want cow! Ugh! Indian want ponies."

He was almost the only one of that type whom I met at Klamath, however. The others were wide-awake to their future and were eager to make money.

Prominent among the more enterprising men of this reservation is Henry Jackson—perhaps 48 years old, a man of substance, owning cattle and improvements worth $25,000 to $30 000. He is a "Pitt River" Indian by birth—and the Modocs used to make raids upon this less powerful and less warlike tribe, 100 miles and more to the west and south; and in such a raid, forty years ago, Henry Jackson, a boy of five years, was taken prisoner and brought back with many others, the slaves of their captors. Old Chief Lalu had Henry as his slave.

As we were driving across the reservation to the sub-agency at Yainax, we camped, to give the horses rest and feed and to take our luncheon, on the bank of a pretty little river whose waters were overhung by willow thickets. Old Chief Lalu's wicky-up and house stood above the stream fifty rods away; and he came to call on us at luncheon and broke bread with us. He is very old; but his eye is still keen and he is alert and active, for one of his years. As we sat upon the grass beneath the willow at luncheon, a beautiful deer,—a large five-year old stag with a noble pair of antlers, came daintily and cautiously towards us, and finally rubbed his nose against old Lalu's shoulder!

'Twas a tame "mule-deer"—a fine specimen;—and the feeding horses, the luncheon spread by the stream, the little circle of white men and two or three Indians and the tame deer feeding from the old chief's hand, made an Arcadian scene!

I asked Chief Lalu:

"Do you remember Henry Jackson?"

"Yes! When I go on the war-path down Pitt River, 'most fifty years ago, we get about fifty of them—Pitt River Indians. We bring HIM back. Henry Jackson was my slave, five years old! When he get so big (showing height with his hands—about fifteen years old)—I let him go free. He's a BIG man now; he own best cattle—MOST cattle any one here. He got horses and barns; he's worth thirty thousand dollars! He's my slave once!"

Except the lazy, the vicious and the reactionary every one respects Henry Jackson. He came to see me and I talked with him for an hour or two. He speaks English well. He is one of those strong, decided, practical men who make their way in any community. He would be a "leading man" wherever he lived in any community of farmers or cattle-men. But the great trouble which now overhangs his prospects, I want to tell you of briefly; for it illustrates the difficulties which a man of strong character, good purpose, and deep feelings must overcome, in breaking away from and breaking through the superstitions on which he was reared.

Henry Jackson has been through an awful experience. He had a boy very dear to him who had been in the Indian school. Lung trouble developed. The father tried all kinds of medicine and many physicians; but the son did not recover. He was the hope of his father. Like other half-desperate parents under similar circumstances, Henry Jackson was ready for any new treatment which promised recovery. There appeared among the Indians an oily-tongued Chinaman who had let his hair grow long, and said he practised "Indian medicine." Everything else having failed, Henry Jackson at last consented to let the Chinaman try to cure his boy. This Chinese quack and impostor sang his incantations over the son for a week and more. He wished to destroy the influence of the old Indian doctor who had been the boy's physician; and at last, in a crisis, after the physician and the father had sat beside the bed into the gray dawning, while the sweat of terror dripped from the father, lest he lose his son, the Chinaman said:

"Your boy never get well while old Indian doctor is living."

No one believes that Henry Jackson killed that Indian doctor: but within a few days after this prophecy, he was found twenty miles away, with his skull crushed in. Then the enemies of Henry Jackson closed in upon him and accused him of murder. The men who know him best say that they have not the slightest idea that he knows anything about the crime. He faces the charge like a man, and says he will "live down" the ill repute which the charge for the time being has given him. This is one of the problems such men have to meet, in breaking away from barbarism.

Henry Wilson, one of the judges of the Court of Indian Offences, interpreted for us when we spoke on Sunday at Yainax to a large audience of Indians, only half of whom understood English.

Afterward Judge Wilson spoke to these Indians himself. He speaks and acts like an educated gentleman. He is exceedingly interested in their progress, their education, and their attempts at self-government and active citizenship, by voting to make their own local roads and dig irrigating ditches by joint labor.

Jesse Kirk is another leading Indian, one of the strongest on the reservation; a man who can help his people to get on without an agent when this agency is discontinued, as it soon should be.

This reservation owes much to its agent, Captain Oliver Applegate, who, like his father before him, has been a life-long friend of the Indians whom he knows so well. The son of a man who pioneered the way for Fremont, and guided some of Fremont's earliest and most daring explorations in the north west; Oliver Applegate married perhaps the best kind of wife for an Indian agent, the daughter of a home missionary of the Methodist church. Under the leadership of Captain Applegate, the Klamath agency should soon attain to the highest possible success for an agency—the state of FITNESS TO BE DONE AWAY WITH—the honor of having prepared the Indians it has cared for, to live as independent, self-supporting citizens of the United States, able to manage their own affairs. And to this end Capt. Applegate says he looks forward hopefully.

"The Light from the East."

I wish that it were possible for you all to hear the speeches of such a council as we held with 150 of the Northern Yanktonais Sioux and Assinnaboines at Fort Peck. For a long afternoon we listened to them, drew out their views of their own life and its possibilities by questions, gave them our ideas, and answered their questions. You would have felt a profound sympathy with men of no mean natural ability who found themselves utterly at a loss, unable to live in the old way, confronted with a civilization which has destroyed all their old manner of life and has not yet taught them how to support themselves under the new conditions!

Typical of their condition in this transition stage, and of their only hope—education to self-support, and Christianization—was the speech of one of the oldest chiefs. He had called out "returned students"—young men, from the Carlisle school—and these young men had spoken well and hopefully of "the new way." Then, at the close of the conference, the old chief said:

"When I was a young chief, all the young men kept still and the old men talked in the councils; and that was right, for the old men KNEW, and we did what the old men said. But I have lived to see a time when the other thing must be done We old men must be silent, and we must hear the young men speak. For we must all go the white man's way. There is no other way now. The buffalo are gone. There is no game. And we old men could not go east. But our children have gone east and they know the white man's way. A light comes from the east, and our young men have seen it. We old men must listen to them. We must keep silent, and go in the white man's way!"

Stop the Needless Rations.

The most interesting fact connected with the inspection of the Blackfeet agency, and of the Fort Peck agency where Major Pratt was with me and we spent our entire afternoon in conference with over a hundred of the leading Indians, was the growing conviction on the part of the leading Indians themselves, that free government "rations" were not making them manly and self-supporting, and that "some other way" must be found. The steadily growing disposition to ask for more good cattle for breeding, to be issued to them instead of rations, was very noticeable. If the Department so shapes its policy, with these Northern tribes, as to limit the issue of rations to such of the old, the infirm and the fatherless young as really need them, and for two or three years issues more stock-cattle and presses upon Indians the absolute necessity of their putting up hay in the summer to keep their cattle through the winter, there is every reason to believe that these Indians could and would become self-supporting within three or four years.

But the man-destroying effect of continuous free-feeding, is painfully evident in many ways. MERRILL E. GATES.

Every Day Doings at Carlisle.

We number now 1026

Many of the pupils designed New Year's cards to put in their home letters this month.

It is a joyous sight to see the boys and girls in their gay caps and hoods as they glide gracefully over the ice.

The first snow of the season fell on the night of December 28,—enough to make a white and wintry landscape.

Mrs. Ewbanks, who held the position of cook with us. has been transferred to Mt. Pleasant, Mich. as girls' matron.

The December school entertainment was an exceptionally good one, both in music and in declamations. The work of the Mandolin Club and the Glee Club was highly appreciated, and some of our pupils in the higher classes especially show marked gains in the matter of voice and delivery.

Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads" and other verses dear to the hearts of the people, was a welcome visitor to the school last month, the day after his lecture and reading in town. Mr. Carleton says that he does not care for fame, but he does strive for success—meaning the right kind of success—the fulfilment of one's highest possibilities

The sewing room is a bee-hive of industry. Managers of family sewing will be surprised to learn that Miss Hulme finished all the Spring ginghams before Christmas. The girls' summer uniforms are now being made, and about six weeks will be devoted to the dresses for the graduating class. We are sure that our girls will have the good taste to make them with the elegant plain finish so desirable for cloth gowns.

Mr. George R. Witte recently gave us an illustrated lecture upon the valley of the Amazon and the Indians of Brazil, numbering over two millions—as yet all unreached by Protestant missions. Mr. Chamberlain, who accompanied Mr Witte, made an earnest appeal to our students to go over and help this benighted people, and advocated the establishment for them of Manual Training Schools after the Carlisle model.

A young Apache from Philadelphia was recently among our guests of a day. He was taken from the tribe as a boy of five, adopted by a cultivated family, has passed through the public schools of this state and taken a four-years' apprenticeship and has worked nine years since in the Pennsylvania railroad shops. He is now an expert machinist, holds a good position and is, in fact, though he was never at Carlisle, an excellent illustration of the Carlisle idea.

An exhibition car fitted up with products and photographs of the Philippine islands, under the directorship of Sidney Webb, a war correspondent from the Philippines, gave to all our pupils, a few days ago, an excellent opportunity to improve their knowledge of our far western possessions. Mr. Webb's lecture in the evening completed the lesson; and on the following night an interesting talk on China—the country, the people and their characteristics, by Rev. J. C. Loughlin, added still further to our stock of ideas about the Oriental world.

Dr. Eastman reached here on Christmas day, having visited the schools at Flandreau, S. D. and Morton, Minn, and the Santee and Crow Creek agencies, and arranged for the transfer of twenty-two pupils to Carlisle. These are among the most progressive of the Sioux agencies, and at the former the people have been citizens and nearly self-supporting for a good many years, yet Dr. Eastman believes that they are degenerating under the reservation system. "They seem," he says, "to look for help all the time. "After all, the only thing for the Indians is to break them of this feeling of dependence. The Carlisle idea is the thing."

Mrs. Dorsett, in charge of our girls, has lately returned from her round of visits to 160 girls in country homes. With few exceptions, she found them in good health. Most of the girls are attending school and earning good reports from their teachers. Some are becoming competent cooks, three are taking a course of training in hospital work, one is doing private nursing and one is attending Drexel Institute. Mrs. Dorsett says that most of the girls are happy in their environment, and that they certainly owe true-hearted service and affection to the hosts of good women who are trying to train them into a noble womanhood.

Nowhere, perhaps, outside of a real home, has more been done to make the late Christmas holidays happy than here at Carlisle. The day itself was mild and pleasant. Dining room and assembly rooms were trimmed with evergreens, and present-laden trees in the Girls' Quarters and the Small Boys' Quarters were discovered at an early hour in the morning and honored by the presence of old Santa Claus in person. The Christmas services, conducted by Major Pratt and Mr. Standing, were held in the chapel at nine o'clock, and some of the dear old hymns and carols were sweetly sung. Dinner was a festive meal, and the afternoon was devoted to social enjoyment.

There was an entertainment for the pupils on every evening of the week Tuesday night it was a stereopticon exhibit, Wednesday a sociable with refreshments of fruit, nuts and candy, Thursday a concert by the Glee and Mandolin clubs, Friday special society programs and Saturday a band concert. After Tuesday, when the "freeze" came, skating was the leading amusement of the day-light hours.

Mr. Thompson, who accompanied the football team to California as manager, tells a crisp, interesting story of the trip and its results.

The long journey, he says, was much like any other; only, perhaps, a bit more enjoyable, owing to the high spirits of the party; and the glorious scenery on the way, especially that of the Grand Canyon, was thoroughly appreciated.

Among the sights of San Francisco, some preferred the Golden Gate Park; but most of the boys were intensely interested and at the same time disgusted with Chinatown, which gave them, they said, their first clear idea of what a RESERVATION really meant.

In playing the University of California on Christmas day, our team was somewhat handicapped by the soft, sandy ground and the new ball. The Berkley boys use the "Victor," which is larger than the official ball. Their team is in a class with West Point, Dartmouth, Brown, etc. However, says Mr. Thompson, we were satisfied with the game. We shut them out and that was all we wanted.

On the way home, we visited the large Government Indian Schools at Perris, Cal.; Phoenix, Ariz.; Albuquerque and Santa Fe, N. M; and Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas.

We met with a cordial reception at Perris, which is most unfortunate in its location, being situated practically in a desert. There is almost no water to be had; even a garden of any sort is out of the question.

It is in the main a desolate stretch of country between that place and Phoenix, where $50,000 have been spent in improvements during the past year. They have fine grounds, with a large reservoir and three fountains. Our boys played the Phoenix team. A good one? Yes, there are four or five men on it who only need a little more experience to become stars.

Albuquerque and Sante Fe are smaller schools and poorly located in the midst of a Mexican and Spanish population. The Santa Fe school is near the interesting old town of that name, which we were given every opportunity to visit.

At Haskell, the best placed school of the five, we had a royal welcome, and were entertained with a formal inspection, speeches, and music by the band. Here are good shops, a fair equipment generally, and the organization strikes one as efficient.

How do these schools compare with Carlisle? The comparison is inevitable, and there is no question but that we have the advantage. Our boys all see it, and their pupils feel the contrast. Not one of them can round out an education as we can and do. The very walk and manner of our students tell the story.

It was in the fullest sense an educational trip.

The Indian Field.

DISCONTINUE THESE AGENCIES.

The most important recommendation made by the Mohonk Conference in 1899 was doubtless the suggestion to discontinue "in the near future" certain named Indian agencies, placing the Indians temporarily under the advice and care of bonded school superintendents. The agencies proposed to be done away with are these: Colorado River, Ariz.; Klamath, Oregon; Lemhi, Idaho; Mission, Cal.; Neah Bay, Wash.; Nevada, Nevada; Quapaw, Ind. Terr.; Sac and Fox, Iowa; Santee, Neb.; Siletz, Oregon; Sisseton, S. D., Warm Springs, Oregon; Western Shoshone, Nevada; Yankton, S.D.; Pueblo and Jicarillo, N. Mexico, and the agency for the New York Indians.

NEWS NOTES FROM KEAM'S CANYON, ARIZONA.

July 1, 1899, the Moqui reservation was severed from the Navajo Agency, and made a separate agency. There are five schools—the Moqui Training School, the Blue Canyon school, and three day schools, and three thousand Indians under the charge of the Superintendent of the Moqui Training School.

In the last three months there has been a new boys' dormitory, 32x72, built for the Moqui Training School and a large addition made to the laundry and also to the kitchen. A bath house with shower baths has also been constructed for the use of the children. Heretofore the children bathed in common wash tubs and we think this is a great improvement.

Supt. Burton is happy because of his new driving team and because his new buggy and harness is on the way from Carlisle. He expects to put on great style when it all comes, because the spring wagon he has been compelled to drive heretofore an Indian would not haul home.

The attendance at this writing is 130, about 75 per cent increase over last year. Supt. Burton thinks with 350 children in five schools scattered over 100 miles of territory, and three thousand Indians to look after and two sets of quarterly papers to make up, that he needs a clerk. We think so too Don't you?

Dec 28, 1899.

FROM RIVERSIDE SCHOOL, ANADARKO, O. T.

I am much pleased to see that the RED MAN is going to be a paper for the people. I send you herein my plan for leading the Wichita Indians out of the wilderness and making them well-to-do citizens within five years after beginning. There are 400,000 acres of the finest grass here on the reservation that is not leased. It is sufficient to maintain 40,000 head of cattle, yet it all goes to waste every year for the want of stock to eat it.

In order to begin this work, somebody will have to furnish the money. There are three ways by which the money can be raised. 1., by an appropriation, 2. by a gift from some source, or 3. by a loan from some person who has money to loan at a low rate of interest.

These people are poor because they are like sheep without a shepherd. They can be taught to make their own way only by farming and stock-raising. If my plan can be adopted, it would soon give every man employment. (Figures and estimates appended, showing what can be done with $10,000 invested in cattle on the Wichita reservation, for ten years.)

G. L. PIGG, Supt.

FROM OSAGE AGENCY, O. T.

The fact that there are now 29 Osage pupils attending Carlisle to acquire a "higher education," demonstrates the fact that the Osages are making commendable progress in the pathway of the white man, and that if the tribal barriers were removed, their lands allotted and every Osage made responsible for his own conduct and his own success in life, all who were found worthy would soon become reputable citizens, and the others soon cease to be a burden to themselves or their people.

LETTERS FROM EX-STUDENTS.

MUSCOGEE, IND. TER.

.... I suppose you have forgot about me by this time, you haven't heard from me for so long; nevertheless I have thought many a time of the dear old school and the good times I had there. I am going to come back there and visit the school sometime next year probably, if business is so that I can leave it. Papa is in business here and has put me in charge of it. We are in fair circumstances and doing a good business; making a good living for papa and mamma—they are getting old now..... G. Mc. D.

BEAULIEU, MINN.

.... It is a long time since I heard from you, or from Carlisle rather, and I cannot wait any longer. I am well and happy as I can be. My little babies are all the world to me. Josie is two years old and Dewey is nine months; and my step-son, whom I sent to Genoa three years ago, is back and I wanted to send him to Carlisle: but M— told me the school is full. I will keep him until next year; maybe I can send him then. He is anxious to go to Carlisle.

....We are having fine weather and even thunder-storms at this time of the year.

We had an awful wet summer. We had bad luck with our crop—we were hailed out! There were 45 farmers lost their crop. M. B. D.

LAGUNA, N. M.

I have been thinking of writing to you for some time about the price of your working harness that the boys make at your school. I have been wanting to get a good harness, but I don't think I can find as good harness around here as the boys make at Carlisle.

I am going to break two of my best horses to the wagon for my ranch use. I have been on a ranch over five years. I guess that you have heard of my father's death; he died last February, so I have to look after my mother's stock and mine; that makes me busy all the time. My brother is looking after the sheep herd; my father left about two thousand sheep when he died. We have on our ranch over 300 head of cattle and 18 saddle horses, and some mares and horses that are not broken yet. It is not very cold yet for the stock; we have plenty of grass.

I still feel proud of what Carlisle has done for me. If it was not for you and the dear teachers that gave me a start in life, I would be nothing today.

W. K. A.

ANADARKO, O. T.

.... I have seen in the newspapers about the Carlisle football team. I am proud of the team and its record.....

I am still one of the district farmers; this is my third year as farmer. I have a district of about 25 miles square to ride over as often as I can get around.

Some time next month, some Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches are going to Washington, D. C. and if I go as I expect, I shall bring the delegation to Carlisle.

My wife and little Hazel are well and join me in sending our best wishes and regards to you and family. D. K. L.

WALKER, MINN.

.... I am a teamster now for a man who is running a city dray and bus line in Walker. I often drive the bus from the train to town which is about a mile distant. I get $26 a month and my board..... Tell Miss B.....that I read the Helper through every week. J. W.

NECROLOGY.

The cause of the Indian lost a warm friend in Mrs. Isabel Spenser Freeland, who passed away on the 23rd of December. Mrs Freeland was a lecturer, and leader of women's classes, and has spoken many a good word for Carlisle and the brother in red.

Col. Walter C. Marmon, of Laguna, N. M, is dead. He was an Ohio man and a soldier of prominence in the Civil War. He went to New Mexico in 1868 as a surveyor, and in time married a daughter of one of the officers of the Laguna Pueblo. He has several times held the office of Governor of the Pueblo, and was one of the chief instruments in their remarkable progress.

From Washington.

The Indian Office has been removed from the top story of the Atlantic building, to commodious quarters in the old Post-Office, opposite the Interior Department. The new offices, on the first and second floors, are roomy and convenient, and are fitted up in attractive style.

The Indian Committees of the House and Senate are as follows:

Senate: Mr. Thurston, (chairman), Mr. Platt of Conn., Mr. Shoup, Mr. Steward, Mr. Nelson, Mr Baker, Mr. Quarles, Mr. McCumber, Mr. Kyle, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Jones of Arkansas, Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Rawlins, Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Clark of Montana.

House: Messrs. Sherman, Curtis, Eddy, Stewart of Wisconsin, Lacey, Packer of Pennsylvania, Pearce of Missouri, Gamble, Sheldon, Gill, Little, Stephens of Texas, Zenor, Wilson of South Carolina, Thayer, Fitzgerald of New York, Dougherty and Flynn.

The only Indian delegation in Washington before the holidays was composed of twelve Otoes from Oklahoma.

Andrew John, a Seneca, is representing his people here as usual. Their claim of nearly two millions for land purchased in Kansas but never occupied, is reported as likely to go through this session. It has been approved by the Court of Claims, and recommended to pass by the Secretary of the Interior and Indian Commissioner. The bill providing that land rentals shall be collected by the Indian agent instead of by the treasurer of the nation, which Mr. John has been advocating on the ground of favoritism shown by the latter, will be opposed by a lobby from his own tribe.

A delegation from Yankton, S. D. is expected soon, with the agreement concluded last fall by Inspector McLaughlin for the purchase of the red pipe-stone quarries in Minnesota, for $700,000. This agreement must be ratified by Congress before going into effect.

It is proposed to amend the bill so as to allow all the Sioux to go to the quarries for stone, instead of restricting this privilege to the Yanktons alone. It was by the accident of its mention in a treaty with them and not with others, that this small band has been enabled to lay exclusive claim to these historic quarries of the "sacred" stone, supposed to have been a gift of the Great Spirit to the Dakota people.

PERSONALS.

Miss Blanche Thomas has been transferred from the Pawnee Indian school to North Carolina.

Andrew Charles, an ex-Haskell pupil, is now at Florence, Oregon. He started as fireman, is now sub-engineer and the superintendent has told him that he will soon be promoted again.

Miss Merta A. Larkins of Kansas has been appointed cook at the Rosebud, S. D. school.

Charles M. Robinson, issue clerk at Standing Rock, N. D. has been transferred to Cheyenne River agency, S. D., vice Charles Zwieback, who goes to Standing Rock.

Louis Hagen, of Cresco, Iowa, has been appointed tailor in the Phoenix school, Arizona.

W. H Benifiel, farmer at the Navajo agency, has been transferred to the Keam's Canyon school, Arizona.

Frank A. Kauffman of Washington, D. C. has been appointed shoe and harness maker at Rosebud, S. D. Indian school.

George A. Butler of Montana has been appointed superintendent of irrigation on the Wind River reservation, Wyoming.

M. F. Long has been transferred from Fort Defiance, Arizona, where he held the position of additional farmer, to the Southern Ute reservation, same position.

Charles Wheelock, formerly a student here, is now engineer at the Wind River boarding school.

Supt. Pierce, of Oneida, has been transferred to the Flandreau school, S. D., vice Leslie K. Davis, removed.

AN ABSURD MISSTATEMENT.

The October issue of "The Pacific Monthly," a neat magazine published at Portland, Oregon, under able editorial management, prints "A Monograph," written by Claude Thayer of Tillamook, Oregon. The editorial headline of commendation, seems to sanction ALL that is given by saying, "Written by one who, living in an inaccessible place, and undisturbed by prejudice or passion, is peculiarly fitted for the task he has chosen."

I quote an extract which contains several gross errors, and under the color of assumed experience is not only misleading to all persons not well informed, but is absolutely false in fact, as the published statements of the Interior and Indian departments, and the external evidence open to all will amply demonstrate. In speaking of the Indians, after showing how "in many cases they had been defrauded and driven into acts of rebellion by thieving agents," how order and justice had been restored under army regulations and a mounted police, he adds; "The great mass of the Indians, under a rule that interferes as little as possible with the details of their life, are insensibly taking upon themselves civilization." Let that pass, but look at the following statement "Schools were established for them, but were discontinued when it was found that upon confinement the Indian is the victim of consumption, and that the Indian Schools of Carlisle and Chemawa were houses for the germination of disease."

"No teacher or Superintendent could be found, in fact Ministers of the Gospel were chosen as a rule, and each immediately resigned rather than sanction the delivery to lingering death of so many innocent prisoners. Teachers could not bear the misery and suffering entailed."

This would show a most lamentable and disastrous picture, if true. Consumption, however, is not confined to schools, but is often found in the wigwam of the Indian village, and may be traced to other causes. The sweeping indictment under several counts is not confined to Oregon or the Digger Indians of the Pacific Coast, but assumes to cover all the agencies and all the Indian schools of the country, before they died out for want of teachers, and reaches even to Carlisle, (supposed yet to exist,) with her Industrial School of over a thousand pupils who are rapidly growing into manhood and womanhood under those civilizing influences which are gradually undermining traditional customs and venerated tribal relations, rearing young men and women with industrious habits, under powerful incentives to acquire a good education, to follow the various useful avocations of life, to become self-sustaining, to make noble examples to their parents as well as good and useful American citizens. Is it possible, with all the light and knowledge to which all have access, that an intelligent magazine contributor can so stultify well known facts, as to impose such an absurd dictum upon the public?

The readers of the RED MAN need no argument to prove the folly of such wholesale blunders and misstatements by prejudiced writers. If there are errors in system or management, let those errors be pointed out, and by unbiased minds under a cultivated experience, let a better course be advised or devised, but persons who are blind to progress are not the most competent judges. The Carlisle school stands before the country and the world in exemplification of a correct educational system for the Indian. The beneficial result in the aggregate of all such schools should be spread before the people to enable them to judge by experiment how the Indian question is to be solved, and how all absurd and unfounded statements may be demolished.

WILLIAM BURGESS.

REINDEER IN ALASKA.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson reports that the plan for introducing reindeer into Alaska is succeeding admirably. Efforts are made to teach the natives how to care for the animals and to encourage them to have herds of their own. Ten men now own herds aggregating nearly five hundred head, and their success will doubtless have much influence upon other natives.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AN INDIAN.

A short time before Mr. Douglass died, I went out to his house in Uniontown to meet a party of old friends from the North.

Mrs. Douglass and the ladies had gone ont into the grounds, and I was left alone in the modest parlor with her husband.

Opposite us, on the wall, hung a rude portrait in oil, which I had not observed before.

"Who does that represent?" I asked. "It is not well painted, but it is certainly a likeness of somebody!"

"It was meant for me when I was 30 years old," answered my friend.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "it is the portrait of an Omaha!"

"Naturally enough," he replied.

"What do you mean, Frederick?" I went on. "I have often wanted to ask you about your parents. I know you were the son of a white master. Was there in the white blood he gave you anything to account for your own power, especially for your marvelous command of language?"

"No," he said, calmly; "when I went back to the plantation in 1878, I looked into the matter thoroughly. There was nothing creditable on that side."

"To what, then, do you attribute it—was it a direct gift—from heaven—or from whom did you inherit it?"

"From my Indian grandmother. She was a full blooded Potomac Indian of unusual powers, and greatly respected on the plantation. She had one child by her white master, and that child was my mother. After that she married a free negro and had several children, but I never knew one of them. She had a nice little cottage of her own and had the care of all the pickaninnies."

"And your mother? What became of her? Your father was a white man, she was a white and Indian half-breed; where does the negro blood come in?"

"So far as I know," he said, "I have not a drop in my veins."

"Think of your autobiographies," I said. "Not one of them tells the truth; you ought to put this in print."

"It would not please my people," he said; "and it is not of the least consequence. I was just as much a slave as any of them; that was the only important thing. Of course, all those books were printed before I knew the truth."

"What sort of a woman was your mother?"

"I do not know, all I remember of her is a pair of big eyes swimming in tears. She was sold away before I could remember to a plantation six miles off. I never saw her but once She walked those six miles after dark one night and back again before morning just to look at me as I lay asleep. I opened my eyes and saw her.

After Frederick's death I made this statement in print and was surprised to find that what he said was true. His colored friends did not like it.

—[CAROLINE H. DALL, in Springfield Republican.

A GRIZZLY AT BAY.

In the November Century Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson began "The Biography of a Grizzly," telling of the days of the monster's cubhood. In the December number he tells of the days of his strength.

Wahb's third summer had brought him to the stature of a large-sized bear, though not nearly the bulk and power that in time were his. He was very light colored now, and this was why Spahwat, a Shoshone Indian who more than once hunted him, called him the Whitebear, or Wahb.

Spahwat was a good hunter, and as soon as he saw the rubbing-tree on the Upper Meteetsee he knew that he was on the range of a big grizzly. He bush-whacked the whole valley, and spent many days before he found a chance to shoot; then Wahb got a stinging flesh-wound in the shoulder. He growled horribly, but it had seemed to take the fight out of him; he scrambled up the valley and over the lower hills till he reached a quiet haunt, where he lay down.

His knowledge of healing was wholly instinctive. He licked the wound and all around it, and sought to be quiet The licking removed the dirt, and by massage reduced the inflammation, and it plastered the hair down as a sort of dressing over the wound to keep out the air, dirt, and microbes. There could be no better treatment.

But the Indian was on his trail. Before long the smell warned Wahb that a man was coming, so he quickly climbed further up the mountain to another resting-place. But again he sensed the Indian's approach and made off. Several times this happened, and at length there was a second shot and another galling wound. Wahb was furious now. There was nothiug that really frightened him but that horrible odor of man-iron, and guns that he remembered from the day when he lost his mother; but now all fears of these left him. He heaved painfully up the mountain against and along under a six-foot ledge, then up and back to the top of the bank, where he lay flat. On came the Indian, armed with knife and gun; deftly, swiftly keeping on the trail; gloating joyfully over each bloody print that meant such anguish to the hunted bear. Straight up the side of broken rocks he came, where Wahb, ferocious now with pain, was waiting on a ledge. On sneaked the dogged hunter; his eye still scanned the bloody slots or swept the woods ahead, but never was raised to glance above the ledge. And Wahb, as he saw this shape of Death relentless on his tracks, and smelled the fearful smell, poised his bulk at heavy cost upon his quivering, mangled arm, there held until the proper instant, then to his sound arm's matchless native force he added all the weight of desperate hate as down he struck one fearful crushing blow. The Indian sank without a sound, and then dropped out of sight. Wahb rose, and sought again a quiet nook where he might nurse his wounds. Thus he learned that one must fight for peace; for he never saw that Indian again, and he had time to rest and recover.

AN INDIAN COURT-ROOM.

While all friends of the Indian hope that he may soon be placed on terms of citizenship, take up his individual allotment of land, and have access to the regular courts, the reservation court-room, presided over by Indian judges and served by Indian police, sets frequent examples in kindness and justice to the dominant race.

Some weeks ago an Indian couple, arrested for fighting, were brought before such a court in northern Montana. Judge Shorty Whitegrass, four feet four inches high, with a head like Daniel Webster, a pet parrot perched on his shoulder, presided over the court.

The prisoners, clean and in picturesque native costume, told their stories with frankness. The man had been drunk when he went home, and not finding his supper ready, had pushed his wife from the fire with a fence rail; while she being tired, had taken a responsive part. Both blamed themselves and both were sorry, and Judge Shorty Whitegrass after brief deliberation, gave his verdict. Since there were extenuating circumstances in each case, he would not be severe; but he wanted them to sit silently on the bench for ten minutes, and think about their children and what sort of husband and wife they ought to be in the future.

The next case was called; but Cowbeddy and his wife sat with downcast eyes and all unconscious of observation. The woman occasionally wiped a tear from her eye, and presently both arose and went out hand in hand Through the open window onlookers saw Cowbeddy help his wife on her pony—a rare civility—and the two rode off together into the woods.—[The Youths' Companion.

SEMI-CIVILIZED INDIANS.

A missionary among Uncle Sam's Indians gives this vivid picture of a reserve:

The people draw beef on Saturday, their bread, sugar and coffee, etc., on Monday. On Saturday and Sabbath they gorge themselves with beef. They add quantities of coffee, strong as lye, to it on Monday and they eat till all is gone. Then for about five days, they have almost nothing to eat, often eating boiled corn alone for days: and if the corn is scarce, they go hungry.—[Progress.

Indian Folk Tales.

The following are genuine folk stories of different Indian tribes, written out as a school exercise by members of the Junior class at Carlisle. No two of the pupils thought of the same story, which indicates the wealth of material in this field.

Legend of Coos Cave.

Ah, what a story teller was my Indian grandmother! She was deprived of her sight, but was always willing to tell us the stories we loved to hear.

How I wish I could once more listen to the old legends she told of huge creatures that swam up from the waters of the South, and washed on the shores of Oregon.

Often during a long winter's evening we sat with wide open eyes while she related the story of a hideous creature which resembled a man, but of a much lower type He made his home in a cave on the sea shore where people seldom went. There he lived on fish and herbs when they were easily obtained, but in winter when food was scarce, and the water too rough and angry to allow him to get fish, he would often go to the Indian village a few miles away and station himself on the play-grounds of the smaller children. There he would spread down his blanket and ask the little children to come and pick off the small insects, which he pretended not to see.

They willingly did this, and while their eager little fingers were at work he would gather them all into his blanket, which was intended for that purpose, and carry them off to the cave to be devoured for his supper. This went on for some time before the sorrowing mothers ever suspected this wonderful cave, where no one ever dared to go because the wise ones of the tribe had warned them of danger But fortunately one little boy escaped and told of the awful cavern. The head men at once planned a way to destroy this monster With great effort they succeeded in rolling a huge stone in front of the cave, thus shutting the child eater in a prison.

The stone still stands in the same place, about twenty feet from the ground, where many small children go to play, but have no fear of their huge enemy of years gone by ever arising from his stony grave.

D. W.

Wa na-boo-sho.

The Indians who live in the northern part of Minnesota are, like nearly all other Indians, very superstitious, and the older ones tell many startling stories, or legends of their younger days.

There is one Indian especially, of whom many of these stories are told. His name was Wa-na-boo-sho and he was possessed, as they say, of supernatural power. He was a terror to all the people in that neighborhood. If any thing went wrong, old Wa-na-boo-sho was the first thing that entered their minds. Even at the present time, the remark is often made by the older Indians, when misfortune comes, that "Wa-na-boo-sho has been around"

I should judge that this one legend, including all of the stories about Wa-na-boo sho, if taken together would be sufficient material for a book.

These legends are a great comfort to the old Indians, who, after a long day's hunt, gather around the fire in the wigwam and indulge in telling them for hours, while the younger ones sit around and become aroused and some times frightened by the absorption of these startling tales. E. W.

Wa-na-boo-sho's Wishes.

One day while Wanaboosho was resting from his labor he grew discontented with his hard life and wished he might be something else besides a hard working man. Suddenly a little old woman appeared before him, who told him she had come to grant him his wishes.

Wa na-boo-sho saw a deer just then, which suggested to him that he would like to become a deer. He told the old lady so, and had just finished speaking when he found he really was one. The old lady told him whenever he wanted to be changed again he would only have to wish.

So Wanaboosho darted off after the other deer and soon caught up with it. He learned some bad news. He was told by his companion that some men were out hunting and might soon catch him. He laid down to rest for a while. Soon he heard the dogs coming and as he got up to run his horns were caught in the thick brush. Try as hard as he would, he could not get away, but when the dogs were close he remembered the old lady and wished himself changed into a bird.

He then flew upon the bough of a tree and watched the hunters pass. He soon became tired of the life of a bird, so he wished himself into different animals, but soon grew disgusted with each in turn.

Finally he saw some geese in a lake and he thought to himself, "Now I have found the life I would enjoy," so he wished and became a goose. The geese told him not to look down when they flew off for he would get dizzy and fall. Wanaboosho replied that he would remember the warning, but when they had flown a little way Wanaboosho was so happy and lighthearted that he began to sing, and forgetting all about the warning he looked down at an Indian camp, and being so high up he grew dizzy and stopped using his wings.

Of course he began to fall and was very much frightened; but the other geese seeing his danger flew under him and caught him on their wings, and thus managed to carry him to the next lake where they all settled.

Wanaboosho then thought he had enough of that kind of life, and he accordingly swam to the shore and wished to become a man again.

Just then he awoke and found that he had been dreaming, but he learned to be content with his life as a hunter and an adviser of his people. He picked up his bows and arrows and went on with his hunting, and returned home a wiser and better man. R. McA.

The Old Witch.

In a village there lived a man, wife and child all knit together by the strongest bonds of affection. The mother kept a close watch over her child, lest something should happen to it. For it was believed in those days, that a baby should not be left even in the next room without some one to see that it was safe, because there were old witches always looking for unprotected children, so wherever the mother worked, she had the child with her, usually leaning up against a tree. She could easily do this because the child was strapped to what is known as the Indian cradle.

One fine sunny morning in winter the father made his departure for hunting, as this was his usual occupation. The mother, thinking that there would be no danger as she would not go out of sight, leaned the child against a tree near by the house, and went to the woods a short distance away to get some wood, but to her surprise when she returned the baby had disappeared and all she saw in its place was a large hole in the ground.

The husband had met with success that day and his thoughts as he walked homeward were of making his family happy, but he found his wife crying and in great agony. As soon as the story could be related to him, he went out searching for the child.

The mother, still wailing, sat down near where the baby had stood. Finally she heard a soft voice saying that the old witch had come up through the hole and had taken the baby away. She looked around to see who was speaking to her and found that it was the sun. After a little further conversation, he told her that she should go down this hole through a passage and find herself in a subterranean region.

But first of all she must take with her four things to protect herself with, a pair of scissors, an awl, a flint and an ax; and he told her just what to do with each of them. She did as she was told and she soon found herself in a dimly strange region.

The first thing that came in her way was a little wigwam. She looked in, but no one was there. So she walked along until she came to another house which was also empty. Consequently she walked on until finally another house came in view. On reaching it, she found several babies lying in a row, and among them she recognized her own child. She grabbed it up and turned to go back, but had gone only a little ways when she heard the old witch coming behind calling her to bring back the child, for if she caught them it would be the last of her. When the witch was almost upon her she thought of her protection. She pulled out her scissors and threw them behind her at the old witch and they formed a lot of thorns. This gave her the chance to get further away while the old witch was struggling through them. When almost upon her again, she threw back the ax, and it formed a lot of axes, so the witch had another struggle, and this time she came out pretty well cut up. But her determination was so strong she made her third attempt. When the poor mother threw the flint behind her it formed a huge mountain which touched the sky.

The mother thought this time she was surely safe. But the old witch dug her way through and for the fourth time began her pursuit.

The worst part for the mother was, she had lost her way and did not know where she was going. When the old witch was almost upon her again, she threw the awl which was the last hope. This formed a great opening in the ground into which the old witch fell. Now it was a race for life for the mother, and a hard struggle for the old witch to climb this steep precipice.

After some time she thought of the spider, who had promised to be her true friend and help her in all her troubles. So she called to the spider to bring down its web and draw her up. This was done, and once more she was safely on the surface.

Off she started again and for the fifth time almost caught up to the exhausted mother, who was now near the bank of a frozen river and all she had left to do was to cross. Just as she reached the other bank and the old witch was close behind her, the husband suddenly appeared and struck the witch and killed her. Then he cut her into many irregular pieces and this is supposed to be the origin of wild animals. If he had cut her into pieces of equal size, all animals would have been the same size. A. N.

A Legend of the Chippewas.

It is said that all primitive nations have a tradition of a deluge. This holds true of the Chippewas, who live by the Great Lakes of the Northland, for it is one of their legends handed down by grandsires to the listening children as they sit by the firelight on winter evenings, and woe to him who tells these stories of the past in summer; he will find his bed filled with loathsome frogs! Many are the legends of Wa-na-boo-sho, who seems in many ways like the loved Hiawatha, he who did so much.

"That the tribes of men might prosper.
That he might advance his people."

The tradition of the deluge runs thus—

The whole land was flooded, all living creatures were drowning; the clouds were still pouring out water and the bowels of the earth were shooting up fountains of water, but Wa-na-boo-sho in his wisdom, had gotten into his canoe, and was now beyond reach.

A bright thought occurred to him, that some of these animals that were swimming about him might be of some use, so he began taking those that survived the longest, a beaver, a loon, a helldiver, a muskrat, a dove and many others.

He took as many as his boat could hold; after the storm had lasted many days he and his animals got hungry and they did not know what to do.

So Wa-na-boo-sho made a beaver dive to see if he could get some earth but no, the beaver came up dead. The same thing happened to the loon and the helldiver, but the muskrat alone was successful. He had managed to keep the earth in his claws while coming up through a great depth of water.

Wa-na boo-sho was much pleased and took the portion of earth in his palms and blew.

It made a little move, he blew again and it still increased, so he kept on blowing until he had an island, but still he blew, and the island became a beautiful continent with a luxuriant growth of plant life, and cities standing ready for inhabitants.

Wa-na-boo-sho landed his animals and the first thing he did was to cut each creature in two and then said "Ne-she-ma (brother.) This fair island is yours," and all the creatures that were divided flew or ran off in pairs.

These increased and once more the land was full of life. L. T.

The Origin of Thunder.

Once upon a time three Indians went a hunting. They walked for three long days and nights but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree which one of them climbed to the top in order to look for a hunting ground. From the tree a path led to an Indian tepee which was in the clouds.

Arriving there they entered and found other Indians smoking their pipes. After eating they all went out to hunt The reports of their guns were heard and the Indians today believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the happy hunting grounds One of the Indians coming home told the story that offering up smoke to the thunder as a sacrifice would stop the thunder. L. T.

How Fire Was Secured.

Once upon a time there lived in the cliffs of the western highlands, two swallows, the only ones in the whole world that had "Fire," and they were proud of the fact and were careful not to let anyone else have it.

But there was to be a great feast of the people (the animals) who came from every part of the country. Mr. Beaver was chief manager of this celebration, so he was very active in the preparations, cutting down trees with his long sharp cutters while the rest busied themselves carrying the fallen trees and bushes to the place where the bonfire was to be built. After the preparations were made and all the animals were gathered together the question was, "Where shall we get the fire with which to start the bonfire?" Of course this was all a put up scheme, for Mr Coyote knew all the time that he could coax the swallows to lend him some.

When the sun had hidden its face beyond the western mountains, the great bonfire was lighted and the feast began. The tom toms were beating and the coyote and porcupine were the star couple until midnight, then the coyote began acting the clown, jumping and tumbling around the bonfire. His tail which was bushy and big caught on fire. (Of course this also was a put up job by the coyote.) He pretended that the fire on his tail scared him, and he accomplished his purpose by running through the country setting fire to all the bushes and trees.

Although he was the one who secured fire for the people, he is nevertheless despised by all the animals and even his brother the fox will not associate with him. Accordingly he wonders among the lonely hills and plains of the west, the most melancholy of all the animals.

D. McI.

The Fox And the Geese.

Away out on the western lands where there is plenty of game, there once stood a tall, stately tree covered with thick foliage. Near by was a beautiful little pond, dear to all kinds of birds and animals as well as to human beings who lived near it.

Day after day a flock of geese flew on this tree, and at one time just as the geese were conversing with one another, a fox made his appearance. Naturally the geese invited him to climb the tree. The fox had some suspicion of the motive of the cordial invitation so he refused to do so. But after much flattery was bestowed upon him, he consented, to the great joy of the geese.

Then the geese flew down from the tree and spread their beautiful white wings, at the same time urging the fox to jump down and they would catch him. The noble fox refused the geese as at first, but again finally yielded and the result was that he was drowned in the little pond. I. S.

Scissors and Paste.

WHO ARE THEY?

The champion sculler of the world is an Indian, the head of one of the largest benevolent societies is an Indian, and some of the best and most successful preachers in the Canadian Northwest are Indians. —[Christian Endeavor World.

SCHOOL AND HOME.

"Does our school and the education the children acquire here affect the Indian home life?"

This is a question often asked, and our answer would be most emphatically in the affirmative. It does most materially affect and improve the whole family life in the home of the pupil. A striking improvement was noted during the past year in the dress and general appearance of all the visiting relatives. There are none who come now who are not respectable and neatly dressed. Many take care to bathe and have clean garments. The mothers come with new calico dresses and clean starched aprons. The girls receive pretty new dresses from home, and often come back to school from a vacation with nice new clothing. Girls find the skill they have acquired in the use of the needle most useful in assisting at home. Many of the parents who have never been in school take pride in the fact that they can write their names The pupils often teach the older and younger members of the family this accomplishment. The bakers in town say the Indians have all become too aristocratic to carry a loaf of bread without its being wrapped. Before the children went to school they were content to tuck a loaf under each arm, scorning such formalities as wrapping paper. The signs are all of an advancing, deepening and widening change in the habits of thought and manners of life of this race, touched by the magic fingers of knowledge and kindness.

—[Indian Advance.

A TOTEM POLE

On the Queen Charlotte Islands in Southeastern Alaska live a people who differ from all other Alaskan natives.

Their language is as different as is the Teutonic from the Romance. They possess a higner degree of civilization. They are a good-looking people, strong and healthy and cleanly in their habits. They are larger then other Alaskan natives.

When first discovered by white men they lived in substantial houses and in front of them were generally poles wonderfully carved, which always attracted attention, and brought forth praises and admiration. Many of these poles were worth from $2,000 to $5,000, and were, as they ought to be, the pride of their possessors. The poles are what are commonly known as totem poles, and the people are the Hydahs. Their carvings on stone and their superb features testify to the fact that they belong to the same race as the ancient Aztecs of Mexico. How they came to wander so far north must ever be a mystery. Or were they, really, the remnant of a people who wandered south and established a civilization which even now excites our admiration?

The historical totem was erected to commemorate any event or sometimes to crystallize a legend which had been handed down for generations. But what story they tell is now almost impossible to determine. It cannot be done with any degree of accuracy. Probably it never was known except to its maker and his friends

On this class of totem poles is found first the totem of the maker, then, perhaps, the totem of the principal actors in the event or legend, and the carved pictures of the event or legend which best illustrate the same according to the idea of their maker.

The Hydahs possessed no religion. They practiced a few rites and ceremonies which had been handed down to them from time immemorial. Shamanism never gained any great foothold among them. The totem poles are in no manner connected with any religion. They belong to a past age, and even now are looked upon as something ancient and strange by the natives themselves. They belong to the picture-writing age. Whether or not the Hydahs would, if the white man had not appeared upon the scene, reached the hieroglyphic stage and then the stage of letters, must ever remain within the realms of speculation. Their totem poles, however, will always excite the curiosity and attract the admiration of a polite and learned people.—Burton E. Bennett in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

Oronhyatekha, a doctor of medicine, is the richest Indian on the American continent, and is without doubt the best educated.

This remarkable Indian was born at Brantford, Ontario, 1841, and his success in life dates from the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada in 1861.

When the prince reached Brantford a number of Indians appeared before him in aboriginal attire. Among them was Oronhyatekha, who, by reason of being the brightest youth in the Indian district, was selected to make the address to the prince on behalf of the young men of the country.

Dressed after the Indian fashion, with bead-embroidered hunting shirt, and leggings, feathers, belt of wampum, tomahawk and a mantle of fur, Oronhyatekha presented an ideal picture of a brave attired for a ceremonial occasion. He looked, and so the prince remarked, like a figure from one of Cooper's novels.

The Prince of Wales was so greatly impressed with the versatility of the Indian youth that he made him a member of his establishment, placing him in the care of Sir Henry Ashland, regius professor of medicine at Oxford university. Under these auspices Oronhyatekha entered Oxford, and later graduated in medicine at Toronto university.

In the practice of his chosen profession Oronhyatekha was fairly successful, but in 1881 he discovered a rapid road to fortune in the organization of the fraternal insurance society known as the Ancient Order of Foresters. When he set about the work the society had not a dollar in its treasury. It now has a reserve reaching nearly $3,500,000.

As the chief officer of the society Dr. Oronhyatekha receives a salary of $10 000 a year. He lives in the style of an English country gentleman. He owns an island on which he has built a magnificent mansion.

His wife is a great-granddaughter of the renowned chief, Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea).—[Pender. (Neb.) Times.

A CASTLE BUILDER.

The first white explorers in Arizona carried home to Spain a strange story of a race of men who lived in great stone castles. We know now that they meant the half-civilized Indians of the Southwest whom we call Pueblos.

Pueblo is the Spanish word for village and the Pueblo tribe of Indians, instead of living in portable lodges of bark or skins, build great houses of brick or stone—enormous heaps of rooms one might call them. The lower story is a blank wall without door or window, its rooms being reached from the roof, to which the inhabitants clamber by means of ladders. One of the most interesting of the Pueblo tribes is the Moqui, which occupies seven of these many-roomed villages. The Moquis are a simple, gentle people, who live by agriculture, and who spin and weave wool and cotton, raise vegetables and grain, and make very creditable baskets and pottery. For security each of the seven Moqui villages is located upon a considerable height. The paths of approach are so steep that no horseman can approach them, and so narrow as to be easily defended by a few armed and resolute men. Rude as it is then, the stone house of the Moqui is not so very unlike the castles of Europe. —[Exchange.

NOT USED AT CARLISLE.

A punishment that used to be in vogue in some Indian schools, (not, however, in Canada,) was to make the boy stand on one foot in the waste-basket until he toppled over.—[Progress.

THE OSAGES.

I have worked among the Osage Indians and their ways are very different from other tribes of Indians I have been among before. Some things are very interesting to me so I thought I might write a little about them, which I hope will interest the readers of Talks and Thoughts.

The Osage Indians as a tribe are few in number and live in Oklahoma Territory. They are known as the richest Indian tribe, and that is very true because every Osage Indian gets a certain sum (not less than $54) every three months. If they used it in the right way and were not so extravagant they would be far ahead in civilization, but instead of that it goes to the Indian traders and saloonkeepers and the rest they lose in gambling.

They live in good frame houses which are richly furnished and these are built by the Indian traders and they are generally charged much more than they really cost. They wear costly clothes but in Indian costume. In seems funny but the Osages have white hired help and also colored. I have many times seen a white man waiting on an Indian woman or carrying around an Indian papoose in his arms trying to make it go to sleep. These people are only too glad to wait on these rich Indians because they receive good pay.

A common food with them is the persimmon bread. They have good farms and the soil itself is very rich if they only would till the ground and raise good crops, but they have so much money they buy all their things to eat.

There is one very interesting thing about them and that is the way they bury their dead and mourn for them. Instead of digging a grave in the ground to bury the dead in they set them up straight and pile rocks around them and over their head till the body cannot be seen and then put a United States flag over them. They mourn and wail for three days or more, they dress in white and they tear off one sleeve of their dress and go around with earth or mud on their heads. They still have their old way of marrying off their daughters by selling them for horses. Often the poor girl has to live with a man whom she does not love. Sometimes a young girl, say twelve years old, is compelled to marry her oldest sister's husband; he might be an old man, old enough to be her grandfather.

I think the Osages as a tribe are backward; they seem to love their old customs and ways of dressing and even the returned students, who have been away to school five or six years, are influenced back to their old ways by their parents. This is a mistake and there is no excuse for it. We ought to have strength and courage enough to help our people toward civilization and Christianize them, instead of having them influence us.

The greatest need of the Osages is to have some missionaries go out among them and convert them —[An Indian Pupil in Talks and Thoughts.

A MONUMENT TO THE LENNI LENAPE.

The wayfarer who passes along the road leading into Wrightstown, an ancient Quaker settlement of Bucks County, must needs be impressed by the monolith which commands attention just outside of the venerable Quaker Meeting House. A low iron railing fences off a small enclosure from the rest of the yard, and from the turf rises a rough-hewn monolith erected on a small heap of stones and boulders.

The Bucks County Historical Association has erected the monument to the memory of the Delawares or Lenni Lenape Indians who here suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of the white men. The event which gave half a million acres to the white men (instead of the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians intended) is a matter of history, and known as the "Walking Purchase" or "Indian Walk." Not wishing to condone sharp practice, and yet desiring to mark a spot famous or infamous in the annals of our Commonwealth, the Bucks County Historical Association decided to erect the shaft of stone, not to the white men who overreached a friendly people on this spot, but to the Indians; "not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The stone stands on the site of an old chestnut tree which has long since vanished from the scene. On this tree the white runners placed their hands while awaiting the rise of the sun which would light them in the famous "walk."

The inscription on the stone is:

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LENNI LENAPE INDIANS,
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS
REGION.
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
SEPTEMBER 19, 1737.

William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, has sometimes been unjustly blamed for the transaction known as the "Walking Purchase." But since he died in 1718 he cannot be held responsible for what happened 19 years afterwards in flagrant violation of his clearly spoken principles and rule of life.

The facts are these: 1682, 1683, 1685 and 1686 are the dates mentioned by different authorities as the year of William Penn's treaty with some Lenni Lenape chiefs, for lands bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy Creek, extending to the north from his previous purchase, "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." The land was not required immediately upon the delivery of the quid pro quo, and no effort was made to fix the boundary until half a century later, when the Lenni Lenape, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the white settlers, asked to have the boundary defined.

"INDIAN WALK."

The proprietors of the Province at that time were John and Thomas Penn, sons of the founder. The Penns held a conference with the Indian chiefs at Pennsbury, and a day was duly appointed for walking the boundaries. Instead of a walk it proved a run. Three fleet runners, Edward Marshall, Solomon Jennings and James Yeates were hired by the Governor. Thomas Penn offered a reward to the runner covering the greatest distance.

The reward was to be five pounds of money and five hundred acres of land.

It is said that Thomas Penn actually sent out advance agents in secret in order to "blaze the way" by marking trees showing the best course through the wilderness. The start was made from the chestnut tree by Wrightstown Meeting House at dawn of September 19, 1737. The Sheriff and Surveyor General followed the walkers on horseback and two Indians accompanied the party to see that all was fair. The walkers stepped off quickly when the Sheriff gave word to start, and when they quickened their pace to a run the Indians protested, but in vain.

Jennings gave out before reaching the Lehigh River, his health prematurely shattered. Yeates, overcome by exertion, stumbled into a creek, and when rescued was entirely blind, and died in three days. Marshall, a famous hunter and walker, kept on with the aid of a compass, when he passed the last of the blazed trees. When time was called to "halt," he threw himself forward and grasped a sapling, very near to where the town of Mauch Chunk now stands. By taking advantage of a flaw in the lease the Surveyor General drew the line at right angles to the direction of the walk.

The Indians protested that the so called walk was a fraud, but their appeal fell upon officially deaf ears. The affair made a stir, however, and attached unsavory reputation to the Penns, Markham, Surveyor General Eastbourne and the white runners, all participants in the disgraceful affair. A sort of Nemesis waited upon the actors. Marshall never obtained his promised reward of 500 acres, and his wife was killed in an Indian raid. Penn repudiated the Surveyor General, but nobody thought of restoring the stolen land to its rightful owners.

From this time we date the beginning of bloodshed and hostile reprisals between the white settlers and red natives of Pennsylvania.

All things considered, it was delicate feeling which dictated the wording of the monument of the Bucks County Historical Society at Wrightstown Meeting House.

—[Phila. Record.

FOOTBALL AS AN INDIAN EDUCATOR.

What has made the Carlisle football team strong and famous? The answer is by playing strong and superior teams, and by being gentlemen. Carlisle boys would not even to doomsday have made the record they have, had they practiced among themselves exclusively or on a reservation. The necessary experience must come from without—from contact with the strongest teams. That this is so is self-evident. The result speaks for itself. Instead of the Indian being endowed with qualifications of a savage nature that were particularly adapted to football, and that football is in itself a brutal game is absurd. The contrary has been proved by the record of the football team and is attested by every opponent Carlisle has had. All teams the Indians have contested with have with one accord and without exception pronounced them gentlemen, and have praised their clean, manly playing.

Truly we are an "all-American" team.

We have come to the Pacific Coast not to exhibit our so-called savagery nor to show the so-called physical powers of the Indian, but for a nobler and higher purpose, to demonstrate what education means to the Indians when given under the same conditions and with the same environment enjoyed by the white boy.

In every contest there throbs in every heart a grand and noble motive—in every eye there glows a resolution—every nerve is strained to the highest with a determination to contradict misconceptions of centuries and to prove their worth to an end different from that generally accorded them—to prove themselves worthy of becoming true and noble citizens—though it must be done by the use of the pigskin.

I can say without fear of contradiction that the Carlisle football team has done more to bring the possibilities of the Indian into public notice than have all other efforts combined.

The Carlisle Indian School, with Major R. H. Pratt as its superintendent, has had to overcome many more obstacles than a football team to awaken in the Government and people recognition of the Indians' rightful position in our body politic. The use of various methods for four hundred years to bring the Indian into civilization has been a failure Today he is worse off than his forefathers ever were. On a reservation he is a pauper, beggar, idler and gambler. And why? Because you have constantly thrown him back upon himself, hiding him in the darkness of his ignorance and superstition, and because you have sent in more vice than virtue and have taken out more virtue than vice.

Do you ask how I would remedy the present condition? My answer is do with them as the Carlisle football team has done. Let them out of the poisonous tank of your present reservation system and allow them to compete with stronger and better influences of your enlightened civilization. Reservation education away from civilization is too long a method. The Indian goes backward or dies in his ignorance and superstition. The hope of the rising generation of my people lies in your public schools. I wish that I could collect all the Indian children, load them in ships in your city, circle them around Cape Horn, pass them through Castle Garden, put them under the same individual care that the children of emigrants have in your public schools, and when they are matured and moderately educated, let them do what other men and women do—take care of themselves. This would solve the Indian question, would rescue a splendid race from vice, disease, pauperism and death. The benefit would not be all for the Indian. There is something in his character which the interloping white man can always assimilate with profit.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, M. D.
in San Francisco Examiner.

DR. MONTEZUMA'S CAREER.

Carlos Montezuma, M. D., the medical director who accompanies the Carlisle School football team, stands as the most perfect type of the civilized American Indian. His romantic life, with broken periods of transition from the barbarous to the nineteenth century state, presents a living example of the effects of what he considers the greatest civilizing force—an independent existence among white citizens. He is the chief representative of a latter-day school of thought relative to the Indian question, as presented to our Government for solution, that takes decided opposition to the reservation scheme and advances in lieu the dissemination of the tribes among the various states of the Union, to be educated in public schools and to become citizens of the Union.

This suave, intelligent, dark-haired, dark-skinned doctor—now a well known Chicago practitioner—finds his earliest recollections of childhood among the Pimal Mountains of sunny Arizona, for Montezuma is a full-blooded Apache of the generation of the terrible Geronimo, his antithesis in the crude savage characteristics of cruelty, cunning and revenge. A midnight raid by the neighboring Pimas against the Apache retreat while the braves were away on a mission of peace made the boy, then little more than a papoose, a prisoner in a new territory. A few days later twenty dollars of the white man's money made him the property of C Gentile of Chicago, and with his Indian nature still unformed he was thrown into the cosmopolitan civilization of a big city at the age of five years, as the ward of his purchaser. When his benefactor, for such he was, died, Carlos Montezuma, in his eleventh year, having something of a grammar school education, was left to shift for himself. Drifting to Champaign, Ill., he worked at odd jobs, managing to continue his studies, and in due course of time by dint of hard work and perseverance graduated from the University of Illinois. Five years later he had taken a degree of medicine at the Chicago Medical school, a branch of the Northwestern University. Men of Indian nativity of the caliber of Montezuma were then as now in high demand by the Government as attaches at the several reservations. Five years in all were spent by the doctor in the employ of Uncle Sam—three of them at the Western Indian stations of Fort Stevenson, North Dakota, Western Shoshone agency, Nevada, and Colville agency, Washington, and two as resident physician at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania. A close study and observation of Indian conditions had opened his eyes to appalling defects in the system of civilizing aborigines, and having from stern conviction no longer at heart the scheme of our Indian regime he resigned his position to take up the active practice of medicine in the city of his adoption in the white man's world, where after six years of labor he is to-day known as a clever man in his profession and as an up-to-date thinker, of strong ideas and expression.

"The Carlisle School," says Dr. Montezuma, "is the great intermediate step in the right direction. There are grouped 1000 Indians closely in touch with nineteenth century ways, and in a position to observe and learn and come in contact with the white man's character-making life. I may say our football team and its work in itself exemplifies the idea, for every group of men in Carlisle these past six years which has been out against the big Eastern elevens has profited immeasurably and has in turn reflected its observations and knowledge on the whole student body. We like our boys to win their football games—every one they play. But the chief object of such an organization as our football team is not to demonstrate the Indians' wonderful athletic ability as brought out under favorable conditions, but more to use the sport as one element of having the men meet civilization.

Dr. Montezuma has often been asked why he does not go among his suffering brethren as a missionary. His answer has been that he to-day does stand as a missionary in the American Indian cause, but instead of among the Indians in the midst of the whites, whom he deems should be educated to an idea of the true condition of the aboriginal problem.

—[The San Francisco Call.

BISHOP WHIPPLE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Among men of note whose names will always be associated with the cause of our native Americans, perhaps none is more widely known or held in more affectionate admiration than that of Henry B Whipple, Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota, whose reminiscences are at hand. *

This is one of the notable books of the year. Its literary style is chiefly characterized by simplicity and force and its human interest is unusual, reflecting as it does the living personality of one of the most catholic, fearless and unconventional of ecclesiastics. We have here no formal autobiography, but rather a series of vital sketches, somewhat loosely strung together, with many and suggestive letters, (some of them in autograph,) from such unlike men as General Sherman, Taopi, Phillips Brooks and Gladstone. A copious appendix contains the author's principal letters and speeches upon the Indian question.

Bishop Whipple has always been known to be in the fullest sense a champion of the despised Indian. No one has more eloquently portrayed the native virtues of the wild man—"the noblest type of heathen man on earth." No one has more publicly and persistently declared the wrongs of the race, and demanded for them not only Christian teaching but political justice.

As early as 1862, after the "Sioux outbreak" in Minnesota, (which is known to have been directly caused by fraud and deception on the part of Government officials,) Bishop Whipple prepared an address to the President, outlining a policy which would not be far out of place today.

It consisted in the main of the following suggestions:

"First, that it is impolitic for our Government to treat a heathen community living within our borders as an independent nation.

Second, that it is dangerons to ourselves and to them to leave these Indian tribes without a government, not subject to our laws.

Third, that the solemn responsibility of the care of a heathen race requires that the agents and servants of the Government who have them in charge shall be men of eminent fitness, and in no case should such offices be regarded as a reward for political service.

Fourth, that every feeling of honor and justice demands that the Indian funds, which we hold for them as a trust, shall be carefully expended under some well-devised system which will encourage their efforts toward civilization.

Fifth, that the present system of Indian trade is mischievous and demoralizing.

Sixth, that it is believed that the history of our dealings with the Indians has been marked by gross acts of injustice and robbery, such as could not be prevented under the present system of management, and that these wrongs have often proved the prolific cause of war and bloodshed."

The Bishop was greatly in advance of the general thought of his time on this subject, for he repeatedly opposed concentration on reservations, believing that such a massing of Indians would prove to be only "a large powder magazine," advocated the extension of our own laws over the red men, and declared that "honest work for wages is the solution of the Indian question."

Upon the occasion of one of his many visits to Washington in behalf of an injured people, Secretary Stanton said to General Halleck, "What does Bishop Whipple want? If he has come here to tell us of the corruption of our Indian system and the dishonesty of Indian agents, tell him that we know it. But the Government never reforms an evil until the people demand it. Tell him that when he reaches the heart of the American people, the Indians will be saved."

"I went," says the Bishop "to the Indian office and said to the Commissioner: "I came here as an honest man to put you in possession of facts to save another outbreak. Had I whistled against the north wind, I should have done as much good. I am going home, and when you next hear from me, it will be through the public press."

He replied, "Bishop Whipple, you have said many severe things about this Bureau!"

I smiled and said, "I have; and you will remember I have always said them over my own signature, and I HAVE THE PROOF OF EVERY STATEMENT THAT I HAVE EVER MADE. The darkest transactions I have never mentioned."

President Lincoln once said: "Bishop Whipple came here the other day and talked with me about the rascality of this Indian business until I felt it down to my boots. If we get through this war, and I live, THIS INDIAN SYSTEM SHALL BE REFORMED

"As I look back," says the Bishop, "I seem to have been a man of war from the beginning. Circumstances forced me to be so. Not only have I fought many hard battles with Indian officials, but some quite as severe in their defence. I know that Secretaries Schurtz, Delano, Vilas and Hoke Smith were unjustly censured for wrongs for which they were not responsible."

The Bishop served several times on commissions to make treaties with the Indians. He was one of the commissioners to the hostile Sioux in 1876

"In one of our first councils at this visit," he says, "an aged chief, holding in his hand some treaties, said:

'The first white man who came here to make a treaty, promised to do certain things for us. He was a liar.' "He repeated the substance of each treaty, always ending with, 'He lied.' The accusation was true. The fault was not in the commissioners, but either in Congress failing to appropriate the means, or in the failure to execute the treaty. These treaties are too often hastily made, simply to settle hostilities, and promises are given which cannot be fulfilled.

There were many men of mark among the Sioux. Red Cloud was a born leader of men—one who had the faculty of clothing truth with a terseness which stamped it upon the memory of the listener. Having been asked for a farewell toast at a public dinner, he arose and said:

'When men part they look forward to meeting again. I hope that one day we may meet in a land where white men are not liars.'

Bishop Whipple was in St. Augustine, Florida, in the seventies, and preached in the sign language to the Indian prisoners under the care of Captain Pratt, of whom he says:

"He has as intimate a knowledge of Indian character as any man in our country. . . In every speech that he makes upon the subject he emphasizes the truth, that an Indian is like a white man, and that industry, reward of labor, protection of law, and Christian homes will do for one what it has done for the other."

* LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A LONG EPISCOPATE. The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

GENERAL LAWTON AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER.

The country loses one of its best soldiers and the army one of its best officers in General Henry W. Lawton.

Tall, powerful, keeping his splendid physical powers to the very end, never sparing himself and sparing others as little, he drove straight forward over all obstacles. As an Indian fighter he had no superior. His tireless chase of the Chiricahua Apaches had every element of peril, every phase of hardship and every atom of endurance which Indian warfare can possess. His dogged pursuit of the mountain Indian of the Southwest was matched by his dash and daring in the warfare of the plains Indian to the North, and when the Spanish war opened he was a man from whom men expected much, and expected no more than he gave.

It was the burden of Indian warfare that its daring, its hardship and its bloodshed brought no military rewards and earned no popular glory.—[Phila. Press.