The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. XVI. INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA. JUNE, 1900. NO. 3

THE RED MAN.

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

The Mechanical Work Done by INDIAN BOYS.

TERMS: Fifty Cents a Year.
Five cents a single copy.
MAILED THE FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

Address all business correspondence to
Miss M. BURGESS, Supt. of Printing,
CARLISLE, PA.

Entered as second class matter in the Carlisle Post Office.

"The characteristics noticed among the Indians and accounted strange are to be traced not so much to a radical difference in the human nature of the race, as to the training which the circumstances of the people made necessary." This from Miss Alice C. Fletcher, one of the most thoughtful and accurate students of Indian life, is a rebuke to the superficial observer.

The bill introduced into Congress during the session just closed, providing for the recording of marriages among the Indians and the determination of legal heirs of allotted Indians, is an obviously necessary measure. Great confusion already exists among the Indians in regard to the family name and inheritance; and since the Government is wholly responsible during the period of protected title—twenty-five years from the date of allotment—it seems strange that this difficulty should not have been earlier foreseen and provided for. The need is made evident by the late report of the Board of Indian Commissioners, summarized on our sixth page.

The settlers upon ceded Indian lands have been relieved by a recent act of the obligation to pay $1.25 per acre for their claims, this obligation having devolved upon the general government. The pioneers of today can now secure their patents upon the same terms as earlier homesteaders.

It appears from a speech made in the House by Mr. Gamble of South Dakota, in support of a bill, that but five per cent of the eleven million acres of land opened to settlement in that State in 1890 has ever been filed upon, and that only one per cent has been paid for. In most cases the needy settlers are utterly unable to pay the stipulated price. It is now generally admitted that the great Sioux reservation is essentially a grazing country, and not adapted to agriculture—at any rate not without an expensive system of irrigation by means of artesian wells.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections met in Topeka last month. At this meeting a striking tribute to the worth of the Indian as a man was paid by Major McClaughry, warden of the U. S. prison at Fort Leavenworth, who is said by the Outlook to stand for the most advanced methods in penology.

It is interesting to know that the men who are put on their honor, and who work without guards to watch them, are showing themselves deserving of the trust reposed in them. About one hundred and fifty of the prisoners are Indians, and Major McClaughry says they are among the truest to their word of honor. They also "make the best stone-cutters. They attend to their work more closely, give themselves to it more earnestly, and learn more thoroughly than either the white or the colored man."

TWO SIDES OF INSTITUTION LIFE.

Recent criticisms on the Indian boarding school include Zitkala Sa's articles in the Atlantic Monthly, already referred to in the RED MAN, a paper by Miss Bertha Wilkins in the Land of Sunshine, and one called "Lame Dancing Masters," and purporting to be written by an Indian, in the June number of the same magazine.

All of these articles are cleverly worded, and they contain some unpleasant truths.

The trouble with them is that they are too sweeping. Nearly everything that is said of life in the Indian boarding school—its loneliness, its lovelessness, its dangers to health and morals in the indiscriminate association of large numbers of children, is equally true, to the extent that it is true at all, of all large boarding schools and educational or reformatory or philanthropic institutions.

The Babies' Homes, the "Sheltering Arms," the schools for the feeble-minded, the blind, for deaf-mutes or other unfortunate classes of children are all alike in that they are institutions, and cannot give the personal touch, the individual atmosphere of the ideal home. Their excuse for being is, nevertheless, a sufficient one. They all give what the homes of these particular children cannot give; it may be suitable food and shelter, or intelligent care and instruction. Usually it is both.

The boarding schools for Indian children have a similar mission. They do not exist as a substitute for the ideal home, but because the homes of the Indians, generally speaking, fall so far below our standard as to be wholly out of the question as a nursery for our future citizens.

If the average Indian could acceptably train his own children at home, or if he were so situated as to patronize the public school, or could and would in any way provide independently for their suitable education, there would then be no necessity and no excuse for a system of Government Indian Schools. Such, however, is not the case. Those who take it upon themselves to point out the defects of the present system should not fail to recognize the alternative, which is, in most cases, an environment of dirt, poverty, mental stagnation, and unmoral if not actively immoral influences.

It is not claimed that the Indian boarding schools are above criticism, but we know that they are, especially those away from the reservations, continually under the public eye, and it is safe to assume that they will compare favorably with the other philanthropic institutions mentioned. They do, as a rule, supply clean, wholesome surroundings and approved modern training, both industrial and literary, to the marked advantage of those who attend them. It is not true, as alleged by the anonymous author of "Lame Dancing Masters," that the matrons in these schools are mostly unmarried women, the teachers inexperienced and ineffective, and the employees generally persons who 'could not get a job anywhere else."

Salaries in the Indian service are good enough to attract competent workers, and the conditions exacting enough to demand such. A good deal of volunteer work, both religious and secular, is done in these schools, and we do not know of one where the children have not at least one true motherly friend, and many privileges and pleasures that are not in the course of study.

Compare even the least attractive of Indian schools with the average home of the pupils, and you can not hesitate an instant between them.

So far as Carlisle is concerned, we do not insist at all upon the institution idea. We individualize as much as we can at the school, and much more through the "outing system," which is designed to provide the best of temporary homes for our pupils. In these homes they get personal care and instruction and kindness, and often form lasting attachments for their adopted parents—attachments more disinterested and helpful, it may be, than some of those between blood relations.

Miss Wilkins, therefore, is quite in error in her statement that "Major Pratt champions the policy of raising all Indian children in institutions." Better a good institution than a miserable or degraded home; better, a hundred times, such a home as those which our young people are introduced into and taught to make for themselves, than the best of institutions.

JUSTICE FOR THE NAVAJOS.

If I may adapt the language of a gentleman who frequently draws his metaphors from the prize ring, the President of the United States has not merely given a black eye to certain despoilers of the Indian, but he has completely knocked them out. They have not yet recovered from the surprise of the President's veto message, which took them off their feet. Everybody who knows William McKinley knows that he wants to do justice to all the wards of the nation. And those who are interested in the welfare of the Indian rejoiced not a little at the effective way in which he came to the help of the Navajos.

This tribe of Indians was, some years ago, hostile and formidable. Of recent years they have been peaceful, and given the Government no trouble. Being nomadic in their habits, it was found easy to encourage them in sheep raising, and for years they have devoted themselves to this with much success. Owing, however, to the barrenness of the land which they held in Arizona, they were constantly going off their reservation for the sake of getting water for their flocks. A large tract was added to it in 1884, under President Arthur and Secretary Teller. The reservation lies in the extreme northwestern portion of Arizona, and was originally set apart in 1863, in fulfilment of treaty obligations. Though enlarged it was found insufficient for their flocks, both as to grass and water. Last summer bitter complaints were received from a few settlers at a place called Tuba, just west of the Moqui reservation, that the Indians were encroaching on their rights. An Indian inspector was accordingly sent out to look into the affair. After negotiating with the whites, some twenty families in all, the Government compounded with them for the gross sum of $48,000, buying out all their vested rights. In order to further conserve the interests of the Navajos an order was issued by President McKinley January 1st, 1900, extending the reservation from the southwest corner due west to the Colorado River, and following it to its intersection with the Grand Canyon Forestry reservation, then north to the northeastern corner of the Forestry reservation. Turning due west the new tract extended to the Colorado River, and followed it north to the Utah line. This new tract took in about 1,200,000 acres. The tribe numbers 20,500 souls. Last year they cultivated 8,000 acres. They own, it is estimated, fully a million sheep, 250,000 goats, 100,000 cattle, 1,200 swine and a large number of horses and ponies. They are industrious and peaceable, and for many years the Government has given them but little aid.

Everything was going on all right until some white man with a nose for metals discovered, or rather thought he had discovered, copper in the northern part of the reservation. Then, in a quiet way, with as little noise as possible, came this bill proposing to cut off a vast tract of the northwest portion of this reservation. The bill went through because its full purport was not seen or understood. No report was asked from the Indian Bureau on the subject. The bill went through as a good many measures go through Congress; because a few people are very much interested in getting them through and the great majority are too much interested in other bills to give them attention. President McKinley does not sign a bill unless he has first referred it to the head of the department to which it relates. The bill was accordingly referred to Secretary Hitchcock, and by him to the Indian Bureau. The full significance of the measure was promptly revealed. Telegrams came also from the Navajo reservation, saying that the Indians were under great excitement on account of intruders, and a council of the chiefs had to be called to placate them. Here was a bill cutting off more than half of the reservation opened to them by the order of January 1st, 1900, and the Indians had not been consulted! The President, in his veto message, says: "The Indians could not understand how lands given to them in January as necessary for their use should be taken away without previous notice in May of the same year."

President McKinley's veto has been spoken of with approval in both houses, and will be sustained. More than one man has said: "If I had known what the bill was I would not have given it my vote." But it only requires a slight transposition of letters to change a vote into a veto, and this transposition the President has wisely made. The assistant Indian Commissioner thinks there is no reason to doubt that if these Indians are allowed to go on with their sheep raising, in five years they will have four or five millions of sheep. Allowing four pounds to a clip, they would raise from fourteen to sixteen million pounds of wool.—[Washington Correspondence, in N. Y. Independent.

THE RED MAN IN POLITICS.

A dispatch from Fargo, North Dakota, says that among the delegates to the Republican State Convention, which was held in that city recently, were two full-blooded Indian delegates from McLean County. They represented an Indian constituency and belong to the Mandan tribe. The despatch adds that they are both college graduates and were dressed as well and showed equal intelligence with the average delegate. This is a welcome proof of progress among the Indians. There will probably be two or three full-blooded Indian delegates and alternates to the Republican National Convention next month in this city, giving living illustrations of the capacity of the Red Man for improvement. With the Indian participating in political conventions and willing to take land in severalty his progress toward civilization is so evident that anxiety as to his future can be dismissed.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE INDIAN WITH THE BOW.

Thoughts suggested by reading "The Man With a Hoe."

WITH the ancestral pride of centuries, he leans
Upon his bow and gazes all around,
A look of consternation on his face,
As if his brain in wild confusion whirled;
He seems as one just wakened out of sleep.
To find the purposes of former days
And customs all so strangely undermined.
Who made it thus? What wanton hands laid low
The beasts that roamed upon these fertile plains?
Who rudely chased the bison and the deer
To the very verge of their extinction?
Who loosed instead the iron horse, and sent
Him forth, at reckless speed, to cut his way
Through these green valleys, belching fire and smoke?

Is this the land our fathers trod, where erst
Was heard the sound of victory in the chase,
The trembling, thunderous noise of flying hoofs
Like the stampede of a retreating army.—
Where, under heaven's dome, at eventide,
The smoke of the many camp fires rose
As incense-offering to the Great Spirit?
Thus queries he. His manly breast, meanwhile,
Doth heave with pent-up grievances of years.
With bronzed cheeks, kissed by the summer suns,
And raven locks, flung back by playful winds,
He stands in silent, pensive sadness there,
Leaning upon his bow, unstrung forever.

Is this the dream our worthy statesmen dreamed
Who framed our laws, and as forecast of safety
Conceived and stamped on national coat-of-arms
That matchless symbol—a dauntless bird that knows
No peer in all the blue ethereal depths:
That sunward soars, with steady onward gaze,
And dips unfaltering pinions in the light—
Majestic bird! that bears on breast the shield,
And clutches in his sinewy talons, firm,
The hopeful "olive branch of peace?"

L. ELLA HARTLEY. in
The American Friend.

AN INDIAN FESTIVAL.

It was mid-summer—the Indians' festival time, when the medicine men fulfilled their promise of the year before to make a "sun-dance," a "fox-dance," or any other kind of dance that has an intertribal significance. The Ogallalas, the Brules, the Hunkpapahs and the Minneconwojus were encamped together. It was an imposing village of white teepees that had sprung up in one afternoon upon one of the broad bottom lands of the Cheyenne, overshadowed by the high peaks of the majestic Pahah-sapah, (Black Hills.)

The village was in four distinct circles or rings, according to custom. When separate, each tribe usually has a council teepee within the circle, from which all the unwritten codes of the tribe are made and enforced. But at such a reunion as this, one or another of the four tribes is selected to maintain their joint government during the festivals. If all these bands have been successful in war and the chase, the occasion is a happy one. Many a new reputation or chief is announced with extravagant savage pomp and ceremony. Children of noted chiefs or warriors are named publicly, a custom by which the poor and old profit, for at such times the parents of the newly named child give a great feast, and distribute presents in the form of ponies, blankets, and garments of every description. Likewise many widows and widowers, or other respectable mourners, publicly announce that they will again paint their faces and cease to mourn; but not until they have made a great feast, and their good and loving relatives have given away ponies and other savage wealth in honor of the event.

Following a two-days' sun dance one morning, a half century or more ago, the criers went the rounds of the circular village extending the cordial invitation of Grey Eagle to a feast at which his only son, Lame Deer, would have his ears pierced. The crier further announced as an extraordinary inducement that the chief would give away three ponies, one of them his favorite war-horse.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a warrior, "that pony saved his scalp in many a battle, especially when the Sapah-wichasha (Utes) pursued us over vast plains—will he part with him? That pony is an honor and ornament to him. He has been struck and wounded nine times, and is entitled to eagle feathers both in his dock and mane, besides the usual war-paint for ponies, according to the custom."

"How," interrupted another, "it is in his mind to show his love for the boy—his only son."

"Listen! the crier of the Ogallalas, upon his white pony, has entered our circle. Let us hear what he has to announce." The speaker was a Minneconwoju woman, who was standing upon a buffalo skin, in the act of scraping off the hair. The fog-horn voice of the crier fairly reechoed from hill to hill as he proceeded in this manner:

"Hear ye, Minneconwoju people! your friend, Fire Lightning, the Ogallala chief, invites you to his feast in honor of his son's first act of note. Hear ye, Minneconwoju people, Fire Lightning, according to the custom of his family, will give away ten spotted ponies! Let all come to the feast! let all the pretty maidens and great braves come and witness the great chief's act of strong heart."

It was to be a gala day for the Sioux upon the Cheyenne in that moon of Wee-pahzoo-ka! (June berries) Every maiden of any pretensions to beauty was intent upon surpassing her competitors in extravagance of attire. Many used the placid waters of a pond near by for their looking glass, many grouped together painted each other in turn. As for the young men, their toilet was made in similar fashion; with few exceptions they sat in groups of six to ten, while one small hand mirror or perhaps only a part of one did service for all.

The maidens used generally but two colors—red and yellow; the young braves used anything for variety and always endeavored to out-do each other. In consequence of this singular taste, their faces looked not unlike the colors of a crazy quilt. Really handsome, however, were their blankets and buckskin shirts, embroidered with porcupine and set with elk's teeth, and with profuse fringes down the seams. Their long braids of hair were wound with otter skin and heavily scented. The aboriginal dude was the most picturesque character of them all!

The day was half over and all had completed their painting—even the antiquated women had smeared their wrinkled faces with a dull red, and the old men surpassed them by generously painting their hair as well. But the young people upon calico ponies, with gorgeous bridles and blankets—they really were objects of interest!

It was accorded to Fire Lightning to have his event come off first. All entered the Ogallala circle. The chieftain stepped into the ring with native dignity, and addressed his audience thus:

"Ye people of the different bands of the Dakotas, hearken: My second son has just returned from a successful war-path. The war-chief reports that his conduct upon the battle-field was worthy of his ancestors. I beg the people to join with me in celebrating the beginning of his public career. It is my purpose to give him a new name with your approval." ("How! how! how!" was the response from all sides.) "I name him Red Cloud. Remember at the eve of day the red clouds appear in the west to denote the promise of a bright day to follow."

At this point he turned to the herald; the latter announced that the ten horses with fine aboriginal saddles would be brought into the circle by young Red Cloud

"He looks very young. I do not believe he is over fifteen winters," whispered a pretty maiden of chieftain's blood to her girl companion.

"But they say that he is seventeen, and hunts the buffalo with a skill of an old hunter," replied the other.

The old women and men struggled feverishly for a good position, for it was understood that Red Cloud would distribute these ponies among the poor and old, which he did gracefully and kindly. From that day the young brave was considered a man.

Now came Grey Eagle's feast. He had announced that his boy, Lame Deer, would have his ears pierced. An Indian is not happy unless he wears ear-rings, and it was the fashion that the ear-piercing should be done publicly and some savage wealth change hands, because that also shows the social position of the parents.

As had been heralded, Grey Eagle gave away three ponies; among them his own war-horse. Few warriors can part with their favorite pony.

An old medicine man was appointed to pierce the little boy's ears. He did not use an awl or a needle, but a very sharp-pointed knife. The boy was now called upon to display his courage. He simply tightened his lips and his eyes were fixed upon the blue sky. He uttered no cry. (This was the same chief who grew up to fight General Miles on the Little Big Horn the winter following the Custer battle, and was killed.) He was a small but bright-looking boy with long black hair, and wore upon his head a warrior's son's eagle feather.

Grey Eagle was a man of intense feeling, yet he possessed a great deal of humor. He rose and addressed the throng "I have invited you to partake of my meat. I will now tie a leather cord to the mane of each pony. A duplicate is to be thrown up into the air, and whoever catches it will be entitled to keep the pony that wears the cord."

This unexpected proposition took the general fancy. Of course, every one would like to see one of the cords fall into his hands.

The big Indian drum was sounded and savage music rent the air. A strong brave sent the cords over the heads of the crowd, one at a time. The result was a general turmoil.

Everybody rushed toward the flying object—a confusion of upraised arms and swinging lariats! Old warriors were as free to give excited war-whoops as any of the younger men, while women with their characteristic screams augmented the already intolerable noise.

The first cord was knocked about over their heads until it fell into the hand of a warrior. The disappointed contestants greeted its fall with a tremendous yell. All were on the utmost look-out as the next was thrown high into the air. Savage excitement neared its height and many were injured in the fray. At this instant the crier shouted above the din:

"The last cord will now be sent up!"

"Ugh! ugh!" exclaimed many a young brave, "I must catch this cord, or I am no athlete."

Then came a terrific clash of bows, clubs, and nude bodies. The struggle, though a playful one, seemed desperate. The cord was kept on the jump from man to man, until finally it went under their feet. This change of position was even more dangerous to the contestants but no one heeded the danger.

At last a tremendous whoop went up. The crowd parted and a brave came out with the last cord in his hand. He did not resemble a human being so much as a buffalo bull or a black bear. The dust, the disarrangement of his massive hair, and the demoralization of his painted face made him any thing but pleasing to behold. But as he approached there was satisfaction written on his hideous countenance, for he had won the prize!

CHARLES A. EASTMAN. (OHIYESA.)

SCAR-FACE: A BLACKFOOT STORY.

There was a man who had a beautiful daughter. Each of the brave and handsome and rich young men had asked her to marry him, but she had always said no, that she did not want a husband. When at last her father and mother asked her why she would not marry some one, she told them the sun had told her he loved her and that she should marry no one without his consent.

Now there was a poor young man in the village, whose name was Scar-face. He was a good-looking young man except for a dreadful scar across his face. He had always been poor, and had no relatives and no friends. One day when all the rich young men had been refused by the beautiful girl, they began to tease poor Scar-face. They said to him:

"Why don't you ask that girl to marry you? You are so rich and handsome."

Scar-face did not laugh at their unkind joke, but said, "I will go."

He asked the girl, and she liked him because he was good; and she was willing to have him for her husband. So she said, "I belong to the sun. Go to him. If he says so, I will marry you."

Then Scar-face was very sad, for who could know the way to the sun? At last he went to an old woman who was kind of heart. He asked her to make him some moccasins, as he was going on a long journey. So she made him seven pairs and gave him a sack of food, and he started.

Many days he traveled, keeping his food as long as he could by eating berries and roots or some animal that he killed. At last he came to the house of a wolf.

"Where are you going?" asked the wolf.

"I seek the place where the sun lives," said Scar-face.

"I know all the prairies, the valleys, and the mountains, but I don't know the sun's home," said the wolf: "but ask the bear, he may know." The next night the young man reached the bear's house. "I know not where he stops. I know much country, but I have never seen the lodge. Ask the badger, he is smart," said the bear.

The badger was in his hole and was rather cross at being disturbed. He did not know the sun's house, but said perhaps the wolverine would know. Though Scar-face searched the woods, he could not find the wolverine.

In despair he sat down to rest. He cried to the wolverine to pity him; that his moccasins were worn out and his food gone.

The wolverine appeared. "Ah, I know where he lives, to-morrow you shall see it is beyond the great water."

The next morning the wolverine put the young man on the trail, and at last he came to a great water. Here his courage failed: he was in despair. There was no way to cross, just then two swans appeared and asked him about himself.

When he told his story they took him safely over. "Now," said they, as he stepped ashore, "you are close to the sun's house. Follow that trail."

Scar-face soon saw some beautiful things in the path—war-shirt, shield, bow, and arrow. But he did not touch them.

Soon he came upon a handsome young man whose name was Morning Star. He was the child of the sun and moon. They became great friends.

Together they went to the house of the sun, and there Morning Star's mother was kind to Scar-face because her son told her that Scar-face had not stolen his pretty things. When the sun came home at night, the moon hid Scar-face under some skins, but the sun knew at once that some one was there. So they brought him forth and told him he should always be with Morning Star as his comrade. And one day he saved his friend's life from an attack of long-beaked birds down by the great water.

Then the sun and moon were happy over what he had done and asked what they could do for him. And Scar-face told them his story, and the sun told him he should marry his sweetheart. And he took the scar from his face as a sign to the girl. They gave him many beautiful presents, and the sun taught him many things and how the medicine lodge should be built and how the dance should be danced, and at last Scar-face parted from them, and went home over the Milky Way, which is a bridge connecting heaven and earth.

And he sat, as is the custom of strangers coming to a town, on the hill outside the village. At last the chief sent young men to invite him to the village, and they did so. When he threw aside his blanket, all were surprised, for they knew him. But he wore rich clothing, he had a beautiful bow and arrow, and his face no longer bore the scar. And when he came into the village, he found the girl and she knew that he had been to the sun, and she loved him, and they were married.

FREDERICK STARR.

THE REPRESENTATIVE INDIAN.

By Jessie W. Cook.

The future of the Indian is always on our tongues, and we speak of the distant "sometime" when he shall become Americanized and be of use to the world. How many of us realize that the vanguard of this army of workers is not only in America but already of America? The Indian question is one of the worries we allow ourselves now that the country has reached that point where fighting for existence is no longer necessary, and there is leisure to indulge in the luxury of worry. Methods and schemes and theories without number have been advanced to relieve us of this undigested, unassimilated part of the body politic.

All this time, quietly, unostentatiously, persistently, almost unheard and unseen, the problem has taken matters into its own hands and has been working itself out. Here and there a man blessed with common sense has said that Indian nature is human nature, and that, if placed in contact with other humans, equal development would follow.

Most of us look for examples of Indian civilization on the reservation. There we find paint and feathers and quaint costumes, and our fancy is tickled, and we say, Behold, how picturesque! See how they love the stage of barbarism! Why should they be asked to leave it? It is so becoming to them! They all go back to it! Thus we exclaim and prate, and give our opinions, opinions born often of a drive through the strange country.

Where is he who thinks he knows what life in remote wilds does to a white man? Let him live there a year, and see if he keeps his town ways. What white man on a reservation does not adopt the ease and negligence of the wild ways as fast as possible? Not one but drops conventionalities and forgets his bringing up, even though he be of Puritan stock but once removed. Is this the place to look for Indian progress? This is the place where writers and artists go who wish to impress their public; and because of their stories and pictures the Nation to-day needs educating as truly as does the picturesque Indian in the tepee. Who hears of the Indian that leaves his wild home, and mingles with the American people, lives among them, practices medicine or law, or serves in the humbler walks of life? No one. He is a drop of water in the great ocean of the Republic. If he desires fame, he can get it far more quickly by starting a gentle insurrection and frightening a timid agent somewhere, who will call on the United States troops and make a great sensation.

A small chief goes to the Omaha Exposition, wears a trailing war-bonnet continually (how he laughs to himself at the absurd incongruity!) and his name is in all the papers, and his fine appearance and haughty carriage written up and made much of, while the young man who serves as his interpreter, who has learned our ways and has his trade and has become one of us, is no longer picturesque; he must put on a costume half Indian, half cowboy, before he can be pictured for the reading public. From this standpoint it must seem to the savage that, with all our "efforts," and the millions of money expended in the attempt to educate him, we prefer in our heart of hearts that he should remain a savage.

It is time the world knew some of the quiet men and women of Indian blood who are a power among us. There are the late Colonel Ely Parker, a Seneca Indian, on General Grant's staff and afterwards Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Dr. Eastman, a Santee Sioux, physician and law student; and Dr. Carlos Montezuma, of the dreaded Apaches, a practicing physician in Chicago. There are men who have fought Dr. Montezuma's tribe, and have suffered from its depredations not many years since, who would laugh to scorn the suggestion that any good could come out of the Apache tribe. Dr. Montezuma is a living example of the possibilities of any one of his people under similar conditions. Picked up on a battle-field, a little fellow of six years, educated among white people, and left, like so many, a self-made man, to fight his own way into a living, he has fairly won his spurs among his compeers. There is Mr Francis La Flesche, an Omaha, for years a resident of Washington, D. C., in the Government employ, whose life reads like a romance; he was made a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, for his valuable and original scientific work, while he has rendered efficient service to the Royal Museum of Berlin, Germany, and is an active member of societies engaged in researches among the aborigines of our country; and he still finds time in his busy life to write a book which promises to let us into the secrets of Indian boy life as no other book has done or could do. Mr. Honore Jaxon is a lawyer of Chicago. Miss Angel de Cora, a Winnebago, is an artist who has won her way by the bravest and most persistent struggles, a pupil of Howard Pyle, already well known by her faithful illustrations of Indian life in "Harper's Magazine."

Miss Zitkala Sa, a Yankton Sioux, is a young girl numbered among the contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," and gifted with unusual musical genius.

William Pollock was so good a soldier of the Rough Riders as to gain words of high praise from the gallant leader of that gallant band. Pollock was an artist, too, and commanded his own price for his work. It seemed the irony of fate that he should win through San Juan to die at home of pneumonia.

Mr. Dennison Wheelock has trained an Indian band that plays beside Sousa's and the Marine Band, and receives commendation from musical critics everywhere; and this young man is almost wholly self-taught.

An Indian football team, selected from a possible fifty, plays college teams selected from a possible thousand, and every year shows its headway against the best teams of the country.

These are a few of the typical educated Indians. There are many in the ranks of teachers, of the nurses, of the tradesmen and tradeswomen, the army of Cuba and the Philippines; and who shall count those who have lived and died among us, "unhonored and unsung," because they had reached the point we are always proclaiming they should reach, and, lo! they are just like the rest of us; we don't discover them, but go on with our unending prattle of what the Indian must become some day.

We are still looking at the Indian of two hundred years ago. There is fear and awe in the mind of the average white man if he knows he is confronting an Indian. A dozen Indian students will make veritable palefaces of as many college boys in a "rush;" they evidently expect to be scalped without mercy. We are afraid to take the young people into our homes because we have in mind the Indian our forefathers fought. As well fear the Anglo-Saxon, who has not yet lost the love of fighting that distinguished his ancestors.

Thoughtful men have well said that the Indians need something more than an agent and a few white men to show them how to live; but they stop there, only suggesting that better men be selected, who shall teach them all that they really ought to know, in order that they may progress. They look through the wrong end of the telescope, and see the matter very far away indeed. There is but one hope for the Indians as a whole, and that is to live with the people whose ways they must adopt. Either they must come out of the reservation or white settlers must go in until there is no reservation. Indians must by actual contact and actual competition attain to a higher order of civilization. The representative Indians are a proof of this. They do not lose their individuality as they take on cosmopolitanism. They are truly Indians under the polish of college life and travel, but they are truly Americans as well, ready to become a part of our social, political, or literary life.

Is it not much that from a feeble two hundred and fifty thousand there are any men or women to stand out and be measured against our seventy millions? The representative Indian? In what does he differ from the representative white man? Look carefully. In spite of race barriers, the representative Indian is slowly and surely coming to the front—and the new blood is good. It infuses a new and peculiar life into the fields it selects, and, like the representative white man, the representative Indian raises his race with him. —[The Outlook.

FAITHFUL SERVICE OF AN INDIAN.

The following from the New Haven Palladium, is a typical illustration of the unheralded life-work of the "representative Indian."

Lester Sheesuck, one of the oldest and most faithful employees of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, has concluded his duties with the company after thirty-five years of the most diligent and faithful service at Norwich, Conn.

At the conclusion of the Civil war Mr. Sheesuck took up railroad work, going into the railroad shops in that city. He continued there several years until he met with an accident, losing several fingers of his right hand. He was then made night watchman, and was responsible for the station and transportation offices of the company. He has since performed these duties and has also acted as janitor of the station.

Mr. Sheesuck, who is a full-blooded Indian, has been a well known figure on the streets, passing through the city every afternoon about 5 o'clock, with great regularity, armed with his lantern, and accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog.

It was thirty-five years ago last Tuesday that he entered the employ of the company and he is now 77 years old. He is an entertaining talker and can relate many interesting anecdotes of his life experiences. Being an Indian, he has a full equipment of Indian costumes in which he has frequently appeared in parades and other celebrations.

STATISTICS OF THE INDIAN BUREAU.

Officially Prepared for the Paris Exposition.

The Indians of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, number 262,965 and are under the care of the Indian Bureau, which attends to their lands, moneys, education and general welfare. The Indians are located on 154 reservations in 23 states and territories, most of them west of the Mississippi River. The reservations vary in size from 276 to over 7,000,000 acres; their aggregate area being 81,271-084 acres; but much of this land is of little value.

Policy.

The policy of the Government is:—

1. To educate Indian youth intellectually and industrially.

2. To instruct Indian adults in the ways of civilized life and induce them to adopt the dress, dwellings and occupations of civilization.

3. To allot to each Indian his proportionate share of the land belonging to his tribe. These "allotments" are generally 160 acres of farming land or twice that amount of grazing land. An Indian who receives an allotment becomes thereby a citizen of the United States. About 60,000 allotments have been made since 1887.

4. To care for and disburse the money belonging to the Indians and to secure for the Indian the protection of the law, both as to his person and his property.

Personnel.

The head of the Indian Bureau is the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has 113 clerks and other subordinates at the central office in Washington, while in the field, that is living among the Indians, are employed 55 agents, assisted by 2100 farmers, carpenters, herders, blacksmiths, clerks, physicians, etc. There are also about 2100 teachers and other employees connected with Indian schools. Half the employees are Indians whose salaries aggregate six hundred thousand dollars, being about one third of the amount paid to white employees. Over 900 of the Indian employees are policemen with small salaries of $10.00 and $15 00 a month.

Finances.

The Indian Bureau disburses about $7,500,000 annually. Over one third is money due the Indians under old treaty stipulations, mainly as payment for land ceded by them. Nearly two-fifths is applied to the support of schools among Indians. The remainder provides for tribes who have little or no treaty funds and for the expense of administering the Bureau.

Education.

For the support of its Indian schools the Government appropriates annually about $2,500.000 To this amount is added another half million taken from moneys belonging to the tribes.

Government Indian schools are divided into three classes—day schools, boarding schools located on reservations, and boarding schools distant from reservations.

The day schools are primary, accommodate from 20 to 40 pupils, and closely resemble the "district schools" among white people in the United States They are located in small Indian settlements, and the teachers form the central civilizing force of the community, influencing the parents as well as the children. A luncheon, prepared with their help, is furnished the children at noon and an attempt is made to give them some rudimentary instruction in cooking, sewing and gardening.

At boarding schools upon reservations the pupils are lodged, fed and clothed and taught the usual English branches from Kindergarten to grammar grade; also sewing, house-keeping, farming, care of stock and the use of tools. So far as possible, all the work of the schools, indoors and out, is performed by the pupils under competent supervision; they learn how by doing. These schools accommodate from 50 to 200 pupils.

The boarding schools off reservations accommodate from 100 to 800 pupils and are specially equipped for teaching trades, such as carpenter, blacksmith, wheelwright, shoemaker, harness maker, printer, baker, tailor, painter, etc. and they take pupils who have already attended reservation schools and carry them as far as algebra, with supplementary courses in stenography, typewriting and book-keeping. Away from their home language and influences pupils more readily acquire English and adopt the customs of the white communities in which the schools are located. The environment is part of the curriculum.

Indian youths are also educated in other than Government schools, viz: public day schools and in schools controlled by religious societies. Formerly the Government assisted those schools liberally in supporting their Indian pupils.

During the past year Indian pupils were enrolled in the various schools as follows:

Government day schools	4,951
Gov't boarding schools on res	8,881
Gov't boarding schools off res	6,880
Public schools	326
Controlled by religious societies	4,164
Total	25,202

The average attendance in the day school is 66 per cent of enrollment, in boarding schools 85 per cent.

The buildings provided by the Government for Indian schools vary in capacity and value from a little one-room day school building worth $500 to a school plant of 34 buildings costing nearly $200-000. In all its school buildings the Government has invested about $3,500,000.

The above statistics apply only to 36,-000 out of the 52,000 Indian youths in the United States. The Five Civilized Tribes of Indian Territory have hitherto controlled the education of their children and the State of New York has provided schools for the 1,000 Indians within its borders.

School News and Notes.

School closes on the fifteenth.

The croquet mallet is in full swing.

The first lawn sociable of the season was a success.

Mrs. Dorsett recently accompanied 29 more girls to country homes.

Our game of baseball with Lafayette resulted in a score of 2-1 in favor of the Indians. Gettysburg, 12-6.

Teachers and officers have formed a lawn-tennis club, and are taking up this delightful game with fresh enthusiasm.

Rev. Mr. Fysh, of Klamath, Oregon, brought us the first pupils ever received from that agency—seven boys and two girls.

Mr. Outen, of Washington, D. C. has been instructing some of our students in repairing and rebinding old books. His pupils soon learned to do creditable work, and have accomplished a good deal toward putting their library in order.

Miss Weekley sailed for Porto Rico on May 22nd, where she will teach the natives of that island. A series of farewell receptions testified to the warm regard in which she is held by teachers and scholars, all of whom saw her leave with sincere regret.

The presence and lecture of Mrs. A. F. F. Johnson, for thirty years Dean of the Woman's Department of Oberlin College, were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Johnson is a woman of rare gifts and culture, and her talk was on personal reminiscences of the Civil war.

Prof. T. W. Atkinson, late principal of the High School at Springfield, Mass., who has been appointed Superintendent of Education for the Philippines, visited Carlisle last month as being one of the leading manual training schools in the country, and as a model or type for the schools which he hopes to establish in those islands.

Superintendent Frank Terry of Puyallup, Washington, announces a Summer Institute for employees of the Indian Service in that State at the Puyallup school, August 20-25 inclusive. It is desired to make the affair pre-eminently practical, and employees are requested to state in advance what subjects they would like to discuss or hear discussed. An effort will be made to secure some of the best talent of the State for evening lectures.

The annual school picnic was held on the 7th of June at Mt. Alto, a beautiful park near Chambersburg, surrounded on all sides with virgin forest. A special train of ten coaches carried nearly five hundred students, teachers and officers of the school and their families to their destination, where they spent a long day in most restful and agreeable fashion.

There was little in the way of formal entertainment, unless we except an amusing game of baseball between the lady teachers and the girls; but long rambles in the woods, sight-seeing and botanizing, naps in hammocks beside the singing stream, and "books in shady nooks," were enjoyed singly and in groups by a very quiet and happy set of young people.

The small fry waded in the brook with delightful abandon, constructed mud dams, and kept the huge swings in motion to their hearts' content.

A smart shower toward evening drove all into the spacious pavilion, where games were played, and cleared off in time for supper, which, like the noon meal, was spread in generous abundance on long tables under the trees. Soon afterwards came the roll-call and cars were boarded for the home trip; and at seven o'clock all reached the school, tired and happy, and laden with spoils from the mountain laurel, the wild rose and the splendid tulip tree.

On Decoration Day the first annual spring meet at the Indian school in track and field sports was held on the athletic field, and in view of the fact that some of our best athletes were away with the baseball team, and that many were in the country at work, the showing made was very good, and the various events were hotly contested.

This is the first year that the boys have ever been trained for general track and field sports; and the showing they have made in contests with Dickinson and Mercersburg and in the home meet has been remarkably creditable, and indicates that in future years they should be able to compete successfully with the best college athletes.

The following is a summary of the Decoration Day events, with names of the first and second in each event:

100 yards dash—1st. Chas. Cusick; 2nd., Samuel Brown. Time 10 2-5 seconds.

Pole vault—1st. McIntosh; 2nd., Libby and Spring. Height 8ft. 8 inches.

880 yards run—1st., Adam Spring; 2nd., Fred Hare. Time 2 min. 17 seconds.

High jump—1st., George Moore; 2nd., Edwin Moore. Height 5 feet 7 inches.

120 yards hurdle—1st., Edwin Moore; 2nd., Redwater. Time 19 seconds.

Putting 16 lb. shot—1st, Martin Wheelock; 2nd., Redwater. Distance 35 feet 1 inch.

220 yards dash—1st., Brown; 2nd., Cusick; 3rd., Howlingwolf. Time 24 2-5 seconds.

1 mile run—1st., Spring; 2nd., Libby; 3rd., Hare. Time 5 min. 27 seconds.

Broad jump—1st., Ralph King; 2nd., George Moore. Distance 20 feet, 5 inches

220 yards hurdle—1st., Edwin Moore; 2nd., Redwater. Time 29 seconds.

Throwing the discus—1st., Wheelock; 2nd., Howlingwolf. Distance 100 feet.

440 yards dash—1st, Howlingwolf; 2nd., Mason. Time 56 seconds.

2-mile run—1st., Hill; 2nd., Tapia. Time 11 mins. 31 sec.

Throwing 16 lb. hammer—1st., Wheelock; 2nd., Redwater. Distance 85 feet.

In the relay race between the classes which closed the day's sports, the Juniors won a close race, making the mile in 3 minutes, 54 seconds. W.

INDIAN SERVICE INSTITUTE.

The programme of the Department of Indian Education, in connection with the N. E. A. July 5-13, 1900, at Charleston, N. C. is at hand. Major Pratt is named President, Dr. M. E. Gates, Vice-President and Mr. E. A. Allen Secretary of the Institute. The first session will be devoted to addresses of welcome by the Mayor of Charleston, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and others, and responses by the Commissioner and assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Miss Reel, Major Pratt, Dr. Frissell, Principal of Hampton Institute, Mr. Peairs, Superintendent of Haskell, and Dr. Gates.

The opening address at the afternoon session will be by Major Pratt, followed by discussion on the relation of the Indian of the present decade to the Indian of the future, and the percentage of Indian blood which should entitle pupils to the privileges of the Government Schools. Leading topics to be discussed at other meetings include those of industrial training, sanitary conditions, compulsory education, training of teachers and character building; and prominent speakers, beside those already mentioned, are President Meserve of Raleigh, N. C., Mr. Seger of Colony, Okla., Dr. Winship of Boston, and Mr. Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction for New York State. Papers will be given by a number of teachers in the various Indian schools, and a special series on Domestic Science by Mrs. McCoy of Washington, D. C.

The programme covers six days, two being set apart for attendance on the N. E. A. It is well-arranged and not over-crowded, plenty of time being allowed for discussion, which is usually the most interesting feature of such a meeting as this.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' LETTERS.

Eighteen former pupils of Carlisle are now serving in the army of the United States and six in its navy. We quote from a few recent letters to show their lively interest in new scenes, and the manly way in which they are meeting their new responsibilities.

U. S. S. Dolphin,
San Juan, Porto Rico

The "Dolphin" is Secretary Long's boat, and she is the best "feeding" ship in the navy; but we have no time to idle away and get into mischief. When not on a cruise we are always at the Washington navy yard. We came here about a week ago. We brought Governor Allen of Porto Rico down, and last Tuesday he was inaugurated.

There were four ships' crews in the parade, and we had the honor of being in the lead. Following us were the Texas Jack Tars, then the New York and the Machias.

The main streets of San Juan are just wide enough to permit a company to march through them four abreast. The houses are all built of some kind of stone and cement, with bars on the windows, which make them look like prisons. The forts are all made out of some material which is as hard as iron, and judging from appearances they made a strong resistance to the fire of Sampson's guns.

As far as civilization is concerned, I would say these people are worse than the reservation Indians.

A few days ago, we weighed anchor and steamed off to Calebra Island, where we had target practice with the big guns out at sea, then with rifles and revolvers on shore. With the rifle shooting at a target nine inches in diameter, 300 yards off, I made 34 points out of a possible 50, which was said to be good shooting; so now I qualify as a marksman.

One thing I noticed about the people here—they don't seem to put any life and spirit into anything, such as cheering and applauding a parade. The men stand on the corners with open mouth and eyes bulging out of their heads, if I may use the expression, in silent wonderment.

The navy is a good place to develop character, if you are strong in your resolutions. Maxey Osuma went down to Cuba on the Yankton, and Joseph La Framboise is a petty officer on this ship.

J. A. G.

Gibara, Cuba.

I am very glad that I enlisted in the navy. The sailors treat me pretty well. We are making a cruise all around the coast of Cuba. It took us ten days from Philadelphia to get here, and we saw no land for all that time. This place is a grand place for alligators—we kill two or three every day. I don't know where the other Indian sailors are—I left them at League Island. M. O.

Aibonito, Porto Rico.

I can scarcely realize that I have been here already as long as I have. I like my work right well. There are six other recruits besides me. We drill three times a day; first what they call monkey drill—we are mounted on horses. We have that in the forenoon. At one o'clock we have sabre, and at retreat we drill with carbines with the troops.

The weather is very warm, although we are stationed at about the coolest part of the island. Aibonito is 2,500 feet above sea level. I have seen strange kinds of vegetables since I arrived here, but I could not believe that they were fit to eat.

I have met two who have been connected with the school—Miss Erickson and Russell White Bear.

We have a new barracks here not yet completed, but have already moved in. We will have a reading-room and library. The newspapers we get are generally a week old. I noticed in one the other day a photograph of class 1900 and the article reminded me of the Commencements I have witnessed. I wish each one success.

E P.

U. S. R. S. Richmond, League Island.

......When I was at Carlisle, I used to think that what I was getting from that institution didn't amount to much. But I was badly mistaken. Now I feel proud for once being a Carlisle student, and I have very good reason for being proud of it. We never find out the good we get from such a school until we get a little experience of the outside world.

I never once had an idea that the Carlisle school was known even at sea; but now I found it out. The thing that helps me most in the Navy, so far, is the drilling that I learned at Carlisle. Why, some of these poor recruits here, get two hours extra drilling sometimes, while I take it easy, looking at them.

Most of these boys and men have no education whatever, and never had the chance I had to get such training. I was talking to one of the officers the other day about different positions a man or boy could fill, with the education that I have; and he told me that I could get the position of ship's writer to start on. So I am going to work hard to get it in the near future. I am what they call a landsman at present. He also said promotion depends all on the conduct of a man.

J. C. LaF.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

I am now in the mid-Pacific, in the city of Honolulu. No doubt this will surprise you, as you may think that I went by the Suez canal. But for reasons unknown to me the orders were changed, and about 2500 of us soldiers had to go overland to 'Frisco and across the Pacific.

We remained at Presidio for three weeks and left there on the first day of May at 12 o' clock, and arrived at Honolulu the 8th on the transport "Warren."

The second day out I got sea-sick, which lasted all day. I was very weak by night but the next day I woke as fresh as ever. Oh, it was fearful for awhile, for we were in a storm and the waves dashed over the deck, and it was raining all the time. It was terrible for about six hours.

After the second day I enjoyed the trip. There was nothing to be seen but water for seven days The boat would pitch forward, then roll from side to side, so that at times I thought that we would roll right over into the ocean. The ocean I think was very smooth, yet I saw big waves.

Honolulu is a very pretty place, though it stretches along the coast about eight miles, the natives tell me. All kinds of fruits and vegetables can be got in the markets. Watermelons are $1.25 apiece, but bananas are cheap.

The quarantine has just been raised last week. You know they have the plague here. It seems to me there are nothing but Chinamen here—very few Americans. The mountains are mostly barren and look like lava formation. I saw the noted "Diamond Head" volcano.

I will write again after I reach Manila, which will be in about three weeks. The other three sophomores are as well as usual. U. F.

Honolulu.

We have reached Honolulu and will leave here this morning. There are six Indians on the transport now. A Choctaw Indian has joined us here. He has been nine months in the service and belongs to the 38th Infantry Volunteers.

They have about two or three showers a day here and that helps to keep the grass green and make the vegetables grow. I have been out in the country and have seen rice plantations and also cocoanut groves, and bananas are abundant here. Some of the boys have two bunches of bananas and some even more.

The Band has been down to play for us, and they played some of the pieces that our band used to play. The Band leader is not a native but the members of the Band are all natives.

The natives here are just like the Indians and they have treated me well; some of them wanted me to stay but I had to refuse them.

A. B.

School Compositions.

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

To-day we are confronted with a serious question. The stand we take seems to be the wrong one. That is, to undertake the forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands is a wrong doing, and to this fact the past history of this mother republic bears testimony. When the American people rise up in arms with the proposition that "taxation without representation is unjust:" and with the determination "Give me liberty or give me death," Great Britain couldn't shoot patriotism into them. They were fighting for universal liberty; so it is with these people. The American soldiers have been shooting them down yet there is no sign of allegiance to the American flag, but they sneer at it. Shall we subject an unwilling people under our flag? No, to do so would be like wasting the precious inheritance, "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." But on the other hand we may take willing people under our care and not until then we can boast of our new possessions.

F. B.

Born of Expansion.

Let us first go back to the foundation of this country, and for a moment consider how this great country originated.

Was it not for a few people, who were imposed upon, and their religious rights taken from them? They set sail for a country where they would enjoy their liberty in any way they choose, and where they might worship God in their own way.

This country was born of expansion, it began with thirteen little colonies along the Atlantic coast, and expanded until it reached the Pacific coast. We have grown very strong and prosperous, we have grown in civilization and just as sure as we gain new possessions they will in a short time be up to the standard.

Cuba furnishes nearly all the sugar that is used in the United States; she also furnishes the world with a great amount of tobacco and cigars. Porto Rico will fall in line with Cuba, for its exports.

Manila, far beyond the seas, places the best variety of rope on the market, and furthermore by the Philippine Islands coming in our possession, we can establish a coaling station there, which will be of great advantage to the United States.

E. S.

A Progressive Period.

Never in the history of the United States was there a period in which this country was so progressive and full of prosperity as in its present period. Our new possessions across the ocean and on all sides make us feel the great responsibility resting on us.

At times it appears difficult for us to care for these far off possessions and to extend our civilization with success, but we have been able to conquer these islands, nevertheless they are so far away and there is no reason why we shouldn't govern them with equal success. In the late war we have successfully subdued the arms of Spain, and by it Cuba becomes our responsibility. The greatest service the American people can do for the welfare of Cuba would be to bring about speedy annexation of Cuba to the United States.

P.

Advance or Recede.

I think that our new possessions will be very beneficial to the United States in many ways. We must judge the future of these possessions not by the oppressions which they have suffered, but by the liberty which they enjoy. When the inhabitants of those Islands know what American protection means they will become one of the most productive populations in the world.

They will be advanced to positions in the civil and military services. The Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico are rich in their productions of sugar.

Alaska was opposed at one time because it had no attribute of civilization. But now who would part with Alaska for ten times its cost when it was acquired? Because Alaska is rich in its gold mines, timber, and many other valuables. This country must either advance or recede. To recede will not do. To recede would be to confess the Republic a failure.

F. L. C.

Our Duty.

Our new possessions consist of Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippine Archipelago. All of these Islands excluding Hawaii were ceded to the United States by Spain after the late war.

For some years it was thought by the people of this country that some time Cuba, the largest and most fertile Island of the West Indies, would be under the control of the United States. For a great number of years the natives of Cuba were kept in a state of semi-barbarism by the Spanish Government. They were not taught the use of modern machinery or farm implements. In tilling the soil the Cubans had to use implements which were in use nearly a thousand years ago. The duty of this country is now to teach them the civilized ways of the world besides making Cuba a greater fruit producing country than it is now.

After crossing the United States and the Pacific Ocean we arrive at the Philippine Archipelago, which lies in the south western part of the Pacific Ocean. This Archipelago was purchased from Spain for $20,000,000. These Islands, like Cuba, are a fruit producing country. They are now the scene of war and confusion. It is here where a great many of our boys have lost their lives in putting down the rebellion.

E. W.

Fertile and Productive.

The Islands of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines that are now in our possession may be of great use to us some day in the future, although we can hardly claim the Philippine Islands for we are still engaged in a bloody war with the natives, but they cannot resist much longer for if they do it will only be more loss of lives and poverty for the insurgents.

These islands are very fertile and productive, and if the proper care of them is taken they will be of great value to the United States, not only to the government but also to its citizens and the natives of the islands; furthermore these islands, especially the Philippines will be of great use in aiding our foreign commerce. For the United States can have a coaling station on these islands and this is just what we need in trading with Japan and China.

This war may cost our government a great deal of money, but the trade and commerce alone of these islands will be sufficient to pay for the expense in less than a year's time; this may be proved by the great extent of trade it has now, when the soil is cultivated by the natives with an ox and bent piece of wood for a plow. The products of these islands will increase a hundred fold when worked by the machines we have at the present time in our own country.

The United States will be doing a great act of charity towards the natives in christianizing and educating them. We have already started institutions in Cuba and Porto Rico and are sending teachers from the United States, and in a few years the islands will be inhabited by civilized nations.

J. B. W.

"For Humanity's Sake."

War between Spain and United States was declared. The people of the United States cried out "for humanity's sake and not for new possessions." War went on for about five or six months until Spain sued for peace and United States with her power took the Porto Rican and Philippine Islands, making Cuba an independent country of itself. We might say, and why not the Philippines? United States has gone contrary to her resolutions. But now let her educate and civilize those people and show them the liberty which she advocates.

S. H. P.

Washington News.

A Cherokee woman of mixed blood is here with her son, opposing certain classes of "white Indians" who lay claim to Indian rights in the Territory.

C. P Cornelius of Wisconsin is here to press the claim of the Wisconsin Oneidas to a share in the fund of nearly two millions appropriated during the present session, to pay the New York Indians for land purchased by them in Kansas and never occupied.

A delegation of five Sissetons, Two Stars, Little Thunder, Grey Foot, Rev. Charles Crawford and Samuel Brown have been endeavoring to secure a per capita cash payment of $250,000 from their principal held in trust by the Government, for the purpose of improving their farms, buying farm machinery, etc. The Secretary, however, has disapproved their request on the ground that these trust funds should be preserved intact for the benefit of the younger generation.

Andrew John, a Seneca, has for years been persistently working to secure a uniform system of leasing the unoccupied lands of the tribe so that the proceeds shall be equally distributed among the people. At present there is evidence of discrimination and misuse of funds on the part of officers of the tribal government. Mr. John has contended against strong influences in this matter, but is making progress in his laudable effort to place the responsibility for making these leases and collecting the rents in the hands of a bonded officer of the United States.

INDIAN LEGISLATION.

With the exception of the regular appropriation bill, (from which all new legislation was excluded on a point of order,) there has been very little Indian legislation of importance during the session. The conference report on the Indian bill reduced the appropriation for an Indian Insane Asylum at Canton, S D $5,000; and the conferees also failed to secure an amendment appropriating $25,000 for a school building at Ft. Lewis, Colo, and $10,000 for a dormitory at the Chamberlain school in S. D. A compromise was made on $524,000 for the expenses of the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes. It was agreed, after much discussion, that the school at Perris, Calif., should remain where it is, and the proposed establishment of a school at or near Riverside Calif, was left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior.

Congress has passed a joint resolution authorizing a Commission to investigate the proposition looking toward the purchase of a portion of the Leach Lake reservation in Minnesota for a National park. The Minnesota State Federation of Women's Clubs is working for this project and its President writes concerning it as follows:

"The arguments for the park are that interests of the Indians will be best conserved by receiving a lump sum for this tract, rather than incur the risk of being cheated out of their just dues though scheming lumbermen and dishonest surveys and measurements, and that the preservation of this virgin forest under wise forestation restriction which provides for the cutting of the hyper-mature pine, and with the demand created by tourists for guides and fishermen, would furnish congenial employment for the Chippewas and make a home market for their agricultural products, garden truck, milk, butter, eggs and chickens.

This is the last remnant of virgin pine in the hands of the government, available for a park, east of the Missouri, and as a health resort and a breathing place for the town-tired business man it is unsurpassed. By the preservation of this pine forest the flow of water in the great Mississippi valley will be conserved, and thus what should be the heritage of unborn millions will be protected."

CHANGES IN INDIAN SERVICE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

Appointments.

Rufus Day, Asst. Miller, Crow Creek, S. D., vice Stephen Gun. Frank Smith, farmer, EdwinHayte, teamster and Dan Tucker, apprentice, Neah Bay, Wash., vice Luke Markishtum, Frank Smith and John Scott. Ed. Hadley, Asst. butcher, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., vice Two Babies. Joseph Colbertson, Judge, Fort Peck, Mont., vice Spotted Bull. Moses Iron Moccasin, messenger, Cheyenne River, vice Henry White Face. Dr. Chas. L. Woods, physician, Lemhi, vice Dr. Herbert W. Dudley. Douglas Brave Thunder, asst. carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D. vice Anthony Vaulter. Frank Calf Robe and Richard Calf Robe, laborers, Blackfeet, Mont., vice Frank Guardipee and John Two Guns. Morgan Adkins, apprentice, Jicarilla, N. M., vice Albert Garcea, promoted. Giles Tapetola, asst. farmer, Cheyenne River, S. D., vice Samuel Eagle Chasing. Zander Big Crow, John Claymore, Charles Moore and Jasper Ellston, asst farmers, Rosebud, S. D., vice Scott C. Alone, Antione Bordeaux, Oliver Prue and Chas. Scissors. Oliver Twining Bear, laborer, Fred Charging Eagle, apprentice, Rosebud, S. D., vice Wm. Dog Ghost and James Broken Leg. Ahpeahtone, Judge, Kiowa, vice Chaddle-Koung-ky, deceased. John Striped Face, asst. carpenter, Standing Rock, N. D., vice John Codotte. Goes After, herder and Julian Smith, asst. mechanic, Fort Peck, Mont., vice William Sherrill and George Melbourne. George Conners, asst. mechanic, Fort Peck Mont. Slim Tail, laborer, Blackfeet, Mont. Harrison Brown, Judge, Klamath, Ore. Warren Mc Corkle, Blacksmith, Warm Springs, Ore., vice David Washumpt. Chas. Nehab, asst. wheelwright, Fort Apache, vice Charles Henry Ralph Wells, apprentice, Fort Berthold, N. D., vice Flovd Bear. Rebecca P. McArthur, matron, Pima School, Arizona. Lizzie H Robinson, cook, Fort Berthold, N. D Agnes B Young, asst. matron, Crow Creek, S. D. Clara D Holt, seamstress, Nevada, Nev. Anne H Stewart, sloyd teacher, Carlisle, Penn Elmer G. Crittenden, carpenter, Grand Junction, Colo. Lotta C. Higley, laundress, Ouray, Utah. Sarah Garvin, matron, Uintah, Utah. Agnes Thomas, laundress, Fort Yuma, Arizona. Belle L. Harber, baker, Crow, Montana. James A McDonald, engineer, Nevada, Nev. Louis M. Hayden, electrician, Warm Springs, Ore. Forrest Chouteau, industrial teacher, Kaw School, Okla. Jerry Holliquilla, farmer, Warm Springs, Ore. Susie Barr, cook, Warm Springs, Ore. Clara Hunsberger, laundress, Crow School, Montana. Peter Trotershow, industrial teacher, Morris School, Minn.

Transfers and Promotions.

John Mills, from interpreter to teamster, and Albert Garcea from apprentice to interpreter, both of Jicarilla, N. M.

First One Russell, from laborer to asst. carpenter, Blackfeet, Mont.

A BLOW TO TRIBALISM.

Agent S. A. Mitscher has received an order from the Secretary of the Interior, abolishing the national council of the Osages. The council as well as the rest of the tribal government, says a local paper, has developed within the last two years into a farce, and was done away with upon the recommendation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The following is the order of the Secretary:

On March 30th, last, the Department directed the abrogation or abolishment of the Osage national government, excepting the national council of fifteen members and the officers of principal chief and assistant principal chief in the interest of good government, and for the benefit of the tribe and the security of the persons and property of the individual members thereof, and in furtherance of those objects, which seem not to have been fully accomplished by the above named order, and in partial compliance with your recommendation, it is hereby directed that the national council of fifteen members be, and the same hereby is abolished, to take effect at the earliest date practicable, and as soon as due notice thereof can be communicated to the Indian agent in charge. The principal chief of the nation should also be promptly informed.

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS.

The thirty-first annual report of the Board of Indian Commissioners is at hand. There has been, as is well known, a change in the personnel of the Board during the past year, by which Mr. Darwin R. James became chairman, and Dr. M. E. Gates, formerly chairman, was elected Secretary of the Board.

Their recent investigations have dealt largely with the condition of allotted Indians, now citizens of the United States and many of them voters. A circular letter was sent out to all Indian agents and their replies, analyzed and tabulated in the report, supply some interesting and fresh information upon such important points as the proportion of allotted Indians who live upon and cultivate their allotments, the extent to which allotted lands are leased, and the results, the proportion of reservation land which is better adapted to stock-raising than to farming, the provisions that have been made at agencies for a permanent register of allotments and for a register of births, marriages and deaths.

"To the important question, how far disinclination on the part of certain Indians to cultivate the land may be due to the unfitness of the land for cultivation, the figures given by agents in this correspondence," says the report, "are not sufficiently definite to warrant a conclusive general inference. To those who examine the letters of agents it will be very clear that at a considerable proportion of our Indian agencies the climate, the surroundings and the nature of the lands are such as to make stockraising and cattle and sheep herding the most natural occupation of the Indians.

Over twenty agents express the conviction that on their reservations and for their Indians cattle-raising is the best occupation. It would appear to the Board that far more systematic attention might well be given to the encouraging of cattle-raising by the Indians, and the securing of the best educational and civilizing results possible from that industry by requiring home-building by Indians on small individual allotments, where land for a garden at least can be cultivated. It is evident that in a number of our larger reservations we must face the question whether family life, the education of children, and habits of providence and manly independence can be fostered and secured by these Indians while they engage in stock-raising.

The preponderant opinion, based upon the observations of the agents, decidedly favors the policy of individual allotments.

The condition of Indians who have received their allotments of land and by virtue of this fact have become citizens of the United States, demands most thoughtful consideration. The object of the general allotment act was to give homesteads to Indian families.

....The policy of individual allotments brings individuals under the laws of the State and Territory where the land lies, makes the individual a citizen, and assumes for Indian citizens those standards of family life and of self-support by labor which it assumes in dealing with other citizens.

Under these circumstances it would seem natural and right that careful attention should be paid to rendering the marriage tie sacred and binding, to the licensing and registering of all marriages, and to such careful and permanent records of births, marriages and deaths as would strengthen family ties and prevent uncertainty as to the inheritance of allotted lands.

But such is the mass of detail in legislation and in administration for the Indians that little or no systematic attention has been given to this very important matter. It appears from replies received from all but two or three agencies that at only eight or nine of the agencies is there any permanent record of marriages.

The moral and social considerations involved give to the question its greatest importance. But upon the lower plane of avoiding property losses on the part of the Indians, and wearying and needless litigation on the part of the Government in its efforts to protect the rights of the Indians, there is need of action. The attention of our Board, within the last few months, has been repeatedly called to the alleged fact that rival "claims" to lands of deceased allottees are being systematically purchased by speculators and lawyers, with a view to litigation when the period of protected title shall have passed, and the Government shall give the promised title in fee simple to the "heirs of the allottees."

The following are among the recommendations made in conclusion:

"(1) We favor the fixing of an early date (which it seems to us in the case of a number of reservations should be announced early in the present year) at which the Government will stop the issue of rations to able bodied Indians who can support themselves if they will work.

(2) Establish at each agency and at the county courts of counties where allotted Indians are to reside, a system of permanent records of all marriages, births and deaths of Indians who now hold, or who are likely to hold, allotted lands under the protected title of twenty-five years.

(3) Require a record at each agency of all Indians who are now married, and require hereafter a license for marriages, to be given by the agent where Indians are not allotted.

(4) Let a simple but invariable regulation require each agent upon the death of any allotted Indian, to designate and record, in a permanent book of registry, the heirs of the Indian so deceased. And let steps be taken to insure at all the agencies some rational and uniform method of fixing the names of Indians who have been allotted.

(5) Since so large a proportion of the more populous reservations are grazing lands, and are adapted to successful cattle raising and not to successful agriculture, we urge that more attention be given to training these Indians to home building and to self-support by cattle-raising.

(6) We suggest the wisdom of a plan which shall look to the breaking up of tribal funds into individual holdings, to be credited to the individual Indians of the tribes which have such funds, the share of the principal fund thus assigned to each such Indian to be made payable to him at any time after he has received his allotment of land, and at the time of his death to be paid in full to his heirs.

(7) We believe that there should be a law compelling the attendance at school of all Indian children, and we do not believe that the prejudice or caprice of parents or grandparents should be allowed to hold in savagery boys and girls who are fitted to attend and wish to attend the more advanced Indian schools which the Government has provided to train them for citizenship.

(8) We urge great caution in leasing Indian lands, and we advise that where individual allotments are leased, as large a portion as possible of the rent should be paid in permanent improvements."

WHAT DO WE WANT?

An ardent missionary on the frontier has reported that he has succeeded to a limited extent in converting some of the Indian men to a detail of modified Christianity. For, whereas the uniform habit —not to say religion—of a considerable group of those tribes requires the men to spin and weave the cotton, to cut out the cloth and to make the garments, while, under the same traditions, the women build the houses, this disciple of the white man's civilization has persuaded some of the men to refuse to spin and weave and sew, and instead thereof to do nothing. I am afraid that this absurd blunder illustrates more than one of the "improvements" which we are trying to introduce on the frontier.

What we want seems to me to be this,—not to insist on the detail of method of our civilization. I should let them clothe themselves in such clothing as proves convenient. I should rather have them make it for themselves than rely on the ready-made clothing shops of Chicago. We ought to encourage them in home industry; and, if we can find things which they can do for themselves, we ought not to throw them upon complicated or conventional commerce.

In the history of the civilization of the world the advance from what we please to call savage life has thus far been made through pastoral life. My friends, the Moquis and the Zunis, have some sheep for which they are probably indebted to those Spanish conquerors whom they so much hate. I am afraid that they do not take the best of care of them. But they are able to make good blankets and other cloths from their wool. Careful training in the management of their flocks, and probably an improvement in the breed both of sheep and goats, would make a distinct step forward in real civilization. This might require such gifts as Jacob gave to his son Joseph,—the gifts of wells in a country where the supply of water from the sky is uncertain. A pity, indeed, that the money which the general government now spends for sugar for the Indians could not be expended, in part at least, for wells of water.

—EDWARD EVERETT HALE
in Christian Register.

INTERESTING, IF TRUE.

Philadelphia may as well prepare to entertain some Indians unawares.

They will be here, 200 strong, during the Republican National Convention.

They will not paint their faces nor wear blankets. They are civilized Indians from Indian Territory.

A majority of the 250,000 redskins in Indian Territory are Republicans. They think the Republican party is their friend.

When the Territorial convention was held at Purcell, Kan., recently the rich half and quarter-breeds had a big fight as to who should be delegates. As only nine could be appointed, those disappointed decided to go along for the fun of the thing.

These Indian politicians are shrewd, having run the five civilized tribes for nearly half a century.

During the last national election they refused to have anything to do with Federal politics, thinking that their own government would stand. But the onward march of civilization has made it impossible to keep up the tribal government, so the Indian politicians have deserted the old ship and are anxious to attach themselves to the Republican organization.

The Indian women, who figured extensively in the tribal government, are also entering American politics.

Miss May Bennett Miller, a beautiful quarter-blood Choctaw, was chosen delegate to Philadelphia. She will attend and support Mr. McKinley for the renomination.

The Indians have no vote, but there are several hundred appointive offices in Indian Territory, and those allied with the winning party will get these places.

—[Phila. Press.

ZITKALA SA IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Andrew Lang concludes from his study of their legends that our Indians have little original imagination. We would like to know his opinion after reading Zitkala Sa's articles in the Atlantic Monthly. They certainly show considerable power of imagination. They are exceedingly well written and highly praise, worthy as realistic word paintings. Some may have eagerly hoped that in these experiences of an Indian girl we would now have the material for a new psychological study. But many of the incidents are purely fictitious, and often the situation is dramatically arranged to produce the desired effect. There is the conventional berating of "the paleface who has stolen our lands and driven us hither." And our hearts swell with indignation as we see these unfortunates driven like a herd of buffalo many days and nights, while with every step the sick sister shrieks with the painful jar, until at last, when they reach the far western country, on the first weary night she dies. It will relieve the sympathetic tension to remember that this is simply dramatic fiction.

The same is undoubtedly true of the climactic scene when her mother discovers a new fire in the bluffs across the river where white settlers have made homes. When she exclaims Well, my daughter, there is the light of another white rascal, springs to her feet beside her wigwam, and raising her right arm forcibly into line with her eye shoots out her doubled fist vehemently at the strangers with a curse upon them.

We may however expect to gain some information regarding the true inwardness of Indian schools and the character of those who teach them. But here too her portraits are either so exaggerated as to be untrue or are pure inventions. From the broad brimmed Quaker "missionaries" and the pale-face woman teacher with the cold gray eyes and gnawed pencil to the leather tanned stage driver with blurred and blood-shot blue eyes, she finds no one for whom she has any other sentiments than contempt and disgust.

There is one remaining field of study for which we have enough material and of a genuine character, that is Zitkala Sa herself. By her own showing she is a person of infinite conceit. She is insulted because a pale-face woman catches her up in her arms and tosses her in the air; she is outraged because a loud breakfast bell sends its metallic voice crashing into her sensitive ears. Nothing is good enough for her. Her small carpeted room with neat white bed she calls a ghastly white walled prison. She is passionate and illtempered from a child, when she chases her own shadow with set teeth and clenched fists; or when a little older she is dragged out from under a bed kicking and scratching wildly. She carries the same temper into mature age when her enraged spirit feels like burning the Bible her mother has brought for her comfort. She is utterly unthankful for all that has been done for her by the pale faces, which in her case is considerable.

It would be doing injustice to the Indian race whose blood she partly shares to accept the picture she has drawn of herself as the true picture of all Indian girls. They average far better.

—[Word Carrier.

A RELIEF EXPEDITION IN 1863.

Rev. M. N. Adams, the veteran missionary, now living in retirement in St. Paul, Minn. writes for the North and West a very interesting story of early hardships in the mission field. The winter of 1862-3 in Minnesota was one of unusual severity, and there had been a failure in the transportation of supplies from Traverse des Sioux to Dr. T. S. Williamson's mission station at Yellow Medicine, so that the family were in actual want. At this juncture, says Mr. Adams, "a Dakota Indian bravely ventured to face that fearful storm to bring us the sad new at Lacquiparle.

Immediately on his arrival and learning something of the distress and needs of our friends there, we decided to try and take some supplies to their relief. Fortunately we had with us a good, faithful, brave young man that winter, Mr. J. V. Bailey, now an elder in the St. Paul Park Presbyterian Church.

We whip-sawed some oak runners and hackberry boards and improvised a toboggan some ten or twelve feet long and three feet wide, with thills or shafts, and harnessed in Poley, our best horse at our mission. We then loaded up this sled or slide with supplies, such as cornmeal flour, graham flour of our own make, dried apples, pemmican, lard, rice, salt, soap, sugar, tea, coffee, all that we could

possibly spare from our own winter supply. And besides this main front car we constructed a second one, and attached it as an annex and loaded it with barley and hay for our horse, bedding for ourselves, and provision for the trip down and return. Thus equipped and well provided with wraps, moccasins and mittens, and with pocket compass at hand, and trusting in the Lord our God, we left Lacquiparle at about one o'clock p. m, and at sunset that day we went into camp for the night a short distance above the mouth of the Chippewa river. So deep was the snow everywhere and so badly drifted that we had to make our camp fire beside a tree, and shoveled out bunks for ourselves and a stall for our horses in the snow bank.

Next morning by sunrise we had breakfast and committed ourselves anew to God and his grace, and had resumed our journey, and gone but a short distance when, to our great surprise, we came to a large opening in the Minnesota river, near the mouth of the Maya Wakan or Chippewa river, forty or fifty feet long and from four to ten feet wide, and this space was crowded full of fish of all sorts and sizes, packed in as close as sardines in a box. To us in the peculiar circumstances this seemed a revelation if not a miracle. We halted and with sharpened sticks threw out fish and tied them in bundles and the bundles two and two and loaded them on our already loaded train of relief supplies, and then resumed our journey. We had gone only a short distance when we met Ite Wakinyan or Thunder face, with from three to five hundred of his Two Woods Indians, who, returning from an unsuccessful hunt, hungry and desperate, with blackened faces rushed upon us and vociferously demanded the surrender of our supplies to them; whereupon I informed them of the wonderful supply of fish left by us in the Minnesota river at the mouth of the Maya Wakan or Chippewa river, which when they heard and understood they shouted for joy, and with whoops and hideous yells took the trail northward and hurried to the place and there they pitched their tents and harvested the fish and feasted and danced for two or three days and cut and dried and packed fish for many days to come and went on their way up to Lacquiparle rejoicing, and declared to all whom they met there that they never before had seen such a miracle of fish in their lives. I need not assure you that we were glad when they left us,—we were glad, more than glad—we were devoutly thankful to God, for down deep in our hearts we felt that but for that almost miraculous supply of fish to meet the exigency there might have been serious trouble and possibly fatal results.

That was a hard day's journey over and through the deep snow drifts and broken ledges of smooth ice, with no road and with driving wind and blinding, drifting snow. That night we encamped on an island tired and hungry and yet grateful to God for his protecting care and gracious help hitherto, and for the more comfortable encampment and prospective rest for the night than the night before in the snow bank. The next morning after thankful breakfast, chiefly on boiled fish, and invocation of the continued guidance and protecting care of God, we resumed our journey amid blinding, drifting snow and on an almost trackless route, now on the ice of the river and now on the crusted snow drifts, which ever and anon broke through or slumped and let our good horse down and ditched our toboggan train, so that we had to shovel out and right the transportation upon the frozen surface many times that day. Finally, at about sunset the third day after we left Lacquiparle we arrived safely at Dr. T. S. Williamson's new mission station at Yellow Medicine, and we were most heartily and thankfully welcomed by that faithful and self-denying missionary and his household."

All who are interested in the mental, moral and physical progress of the Indian should subscribe regularly for THE RED MAN.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE MIAMIS.

The following romance in real life, from the Philadelphia Press illustrates anew our contention that education and environment make the difference between the savage and civilized man. The "white Indians," no less than the Indian Americans, go to prove our theory.

Little Frances Slocum was a child of English parents and was born in Warwick, R I. in March 1773. In 1778 her parents moved to Wilkesbarre, and it was just about this time that the British had urged the Delaware Indians to deal death and destruction to the whites in the Wyoming Valley.

One day, while the father and brothers of little Frances were hunting, four Indians of the Delaware tribe came sneaking through the woods to the Slocum household. Two little boys were playing on the front steps—two shots and down the little fellows fell. Frances, who was in the garden ran screaming into the house and hid under the stair way, her red hair almost standing on end in terror and her 5 year old heart beating like mad.

The Indians found her, and were for killing her then and there. And then it was that the hair of little Frances saved her life. The four Indians had never seen a white woman with red hair, and they were awed by the unusual spectacle.

And so one of the Indians picked up the child and carried her away on his back.

For five weeks after the abduction searching parties were on the go, night and day, hunting for little Frances. Her brothers went as far west as Detroit, making inquiries for the little one, but not a trace of the auburn haired child could they find. In despair they returned to Wilkesbarre, and the search was given up.

And after ten years all hope was given up of ever seeing their sister alive. They mourned her as dead, and began a relentless war of extermination against the Indian. Friendly, or otherwise, it made no difference to the Slocum boys—no Indian could come within a mile of them, and live to tell the tale.

Forty years after the abduction of Frances Slocum, a trader, traveling in the West, stopped at a lonely little hut on the Miami reservation. His hostess was a white woman who could speak neither English nor French. All she knew was the language of the Miami Indians. That night, when the trader sat by the fire, he bethought him of the abduction of little Frances Slocum forty years back. He tried to picture his hostess as the red-haired little girl—and then in a flash the thought of his hostess' red hair convinced him that he was face to face with the long-sought-for girl.

The trader wrote to Wilkesbarre, giving such information as was his, and bidding her relatives, if any lived, to come at once.

Three weeks later two brothers and a sister of Frances Slocum went west and identified their long-lost relative. They begged her to return home with them, but she said—and said it through an interpreter, for she no longer knew the language of the whites:—

"I cannot go with thee—nay, I cannot. For I am an old tree. I cannot move about. I was as a young sapling when they took me away, but now should you take me away I would never come back to them who have been good to me. Nay, I shall stay here and die here and shall rest in the graveyard yonder. I cannot go with thee. Go ye your way and I go mine."

And so the two brothers and the sister went back to Wilkesbarre and left Frances Slocum, "the white rose of the Miamis," to live and to die and be buried among those who knew her best.

Last Spring James F. Stutesman, of Peru, Indiana visited the Bundy Burial Ground, just outside of the city, and finding the grave of Frances Slocum, sunken, overgrown with grass and weeds and unmarked, he came to the conclusion that the grave should be properly cared for. With that end in view he corresponded with twenty-five of the descendants of the white queen of the Indians, and in a short time $700 was raised and a committee was chosen for the selection of a suitable monument.

On Thursday May 17, the monument was dedicated. Governor James A. Mount, of Indiana, and many prominent men of the State attended the ceremonies. The monument stands eight feet and six inches in height, and rests upon a stone base four feet square. On the four sides of the memorial are these inscriptions:—

Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, R. I., March, 1773; was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkesbarre Pa., November 2, 1778, by Delaware Indians soon after the Wyoming massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search, but did not find her until September 1. 1837.

When inclined by a published letter describing an aged white woman in the Miami Indian village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place and identified her. She lived near here thirty-two years with the Indian named Ma-con-a-quah. She died on this ridge March 9, 1847.

Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue, she became a stranger to her brethren, and an alien to her mother's children through her captivity. See Psalms lxix, 8.

This monument was erected by Slocums and others, who deemed it a pleasure to contribute, and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17, 1900.

She-po-con-ah, a Miami Indian chief, husband of Frances Slocum, Ma-con-a-quah, died here in 1833 (?), at an advanced age. Their adult children were:—

Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste, Brouillette, died March 13. 1847, aged 47 years leaving no children.

O-zah-hen-quah, or Jane, wife of Rev. Peter Bundy, died January 25, 1877, aged 62 years, leaving a husband and nine children.

Such is the story of Frances Slocum, who was born in 1773, stolen in 1778, died in 1847, and had a monument erected to her memory in 1900.

A LOST TRIBE.

The strangest anthropological "find" recorded in the last decade of the nineteenth century will soon be announced by the American Museum of Natural History. It is nothing less than the discovery, on a lonely island in Hudson bay, of a lost tribe of Eskimos—a community which has been without intercourse of other representatives of the human species for centuries, and whose members never saw a white man until a few months ago. They are still in the Stone age, knowing no metals; they grow no plants, and their houses are built of the skulls of whales.

The home of this strange tribe, which seems to have been cut off in some unknown manner from the rest of the world ever so long ago, is on Southampton island, a piece of watergirt terra firma nearly as big as the state of Maine, situated at the north end of Hudson bay. Apparently the people have dwelt there ever since pre-Columbian times, and today they live and subsist in exactly the same way as they did then. Having been isolated for so long a period, it is natural that they should exhibit many peculiarities most interesting to the student of ethnology, and these are illustrated by a superb collection of utensils, weapons of the chase, and other objects, which through the agency of Dr. Franz Boas, has been fetched to New York in a whaling vessel and deposited in the museum of natural history.

The houses of skulls above mentioned, more properly described as huts, are built by putting together the great jaws of right whales which are covered with skins. In the middle of this primitive dwelling is an elevated place on which stands the inevitable stone lamp—chief essential of every Eskimo household. Indeed the whole life of the family may be said to revolve about this lamp, the inmates depending upon it for their very existence. Without it they would be unable to occupy so frigid and otherwise uninhabitable a region. It is employed for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow, drying clothes, and in certain arts. Yet it is nothing more than an open dish of whale oil or seal oil, with a wick of dry moss soaked in fat.

The whale is the chief means of subsistence of this strange people, who hunt the mighty cetacean in skin boats much like those used by other Eskimos. It is from the right whale that the whalebone of commerce is obtained, and this material they use in a variety of surprising ways, making even their cups and buckets of it by bending it into rounded shapes and sewing on the bottoms. Many of their implements are of whalebone, and from the same stuff they manufacture toboggan-like sleds. They make sledges of pairs of walrus tusks for runners, and deer antlers for crosspieces. It would be hard to find more daring hunters than they are—the seal, the walrus, and the wary caribou contributing to their game bags.

The tribe comprises only fifty-eight individuals, about equally divided as to sexes. Its members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and quite unlike that employed by other Eskimos. A strait about thirty miles broad separates Southampton island from the western shore of Hudson bay, where there is a colony of Eskimos, and once in a very long while it freezes clear across. This happened, it is said, seventy-five years ago and then a few hunters came over from the island to the mainland, where they were much surprised to encounter other human beings like themselves, having doubtless imagined that they were the only people in existence. This is now a tradition with the natives on the mainland, who say that the strangers brought two sledges with them, but they went away again and never returned. Neither before nor since has any news come from the lost tribe.

On Southampton island there is no soapstone, which among the Eskimos elsewhere is the favorite material for pots and kettles; hence the people of the lost tribe are obliged to make such receptacles in rectangular shapes out of slabs of limestone glued together with a mixture of grease and deer blood. In the same way they manufacture their lamps, and this fact is another evidence of the prolonged isolation of the community described, inasmuch as Eskimos, when they can obtain no soapstone in their own neighborhood, will pay any price to get it from some other more fortunate tribe. Sometimes they will make trips lasting several years in quest of this material, which is of rare occurrence, and not often discovered in pieces large enough for lamps or pots.

The hunters of Southampton island arm their harpoons with flint points and their arrows likewise. They make these points by chipping the flint with bone instruments. In their hunting pouches they always carry a number of fresh arrowheads to provide for emergencies. Of course, never having seen a white man until recently, and having been cut off for centuries from all communication with other tribes of their own people, they are not acquainted with tobacco—a weed of which the Eskimos in general are exceedingly fond. Neither do they possess any article whatever that has been introduced into America since the landing of Columbus. Fire they obtain by means of the familiar bow drill, which is such an old contrivance that it was commonly used in ancient Egypt. Both sexes wear jackets of deerskin and combination boots and trousers of bearskin.—[Washington Correspondence Boston Transcript.

MEXICAN CACTUS.

A Mexican cactus is eaten by Indians during their religious ceremonies to incite visions. An English naturalist, Dr. Dixon, has been testing upon him it its extraordinary properties, and reports that the air seemed filled with vague odors of perfumes, a halo of musical sounds surrounded him, and a marvellous display of ever changing colors passed clearly before his vision.—[Progress.

Two representatives of the Ojibway chief who is said to have related to Longfellow the legend upon which his "Song of Hiawatha" is founded, recently visited the poet's daughter at the old Longfellow house in Cambridge, Mass.

MR GRINNELL'S NEW BOOK.

Mr. George Bird Grinnell is a well-known student of American folk-life and folk-lore. He is the author of several volumes of folk-tales and myths, chiefly of the Blackfoot and Pawnee tribes, which show considerable insight into the mind of the wild Indian, and skill in the interpretation of his customs and habits of thought.

The present volume* by its title and its preface assumes to do more—to represent the Indian of today in his new ambitions and larger life. It could scarcely fail of being interesting and suggestive, and may easily become popular; nevertheless we think it falls far short of doing full justice to the subject.

In the first place, the book is lavishly illustrated with Rinehart's photographs of Indians taken at the Omaha Exposition in 1898. Here are 55 striking full-page portraits of men from different tribes, all but one of them in full Indian regalia, and distinctly representing the Indian of yesterday rather than of today. What makes this the more misleading to the general reader is the fact, (of course unknown to him.) that many of the sitters for these photographs have actually adopted citizens' dress and habits, and were fancifully costumed for the occasion in buckskin and beads. This was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a masquerade, in which they were openly hired to take part—the so called "Indian Congress" being really a sort of Wild West show! We think that a serious book on the "Indians of Today" should include the portraits of representative Indians in modern dress; Indian doctors, lawyers, musicians, teachers, preachers, soldiers and farmers

The book contains thirteen chapters, six of which deal entirely with the tribal life, the ancient customs and stories of the Indians and their original distribution. One long chapter is devoted to a resume of the general conditions upon each of the present reservations,compiled from the records of the Indian bureau. This is largely statistical, and so far informative, but with some of the conclusions we cannot agree.

Mr. Grinnell's dreary picture of life on the reservation—"the confinement, the monotony, the sickness, the insufficient food and the general hopelessness of it all"—is in the main a true one; yet for these ingrained evils he has no radical cure to offer. He opposes the allotment of land in severalty to the western Sioux and others on the ground that their land is only fit for grazing purposes, and he also emphasizes the bad effects of the leasing system, and the ease with which liquor may be obtained by citizen Indians.

The chapter on the rule of the agent betrays an unusually clear notion of the absolute sway of these officials and of the various acts of dishonesty of which they may easily be guilty. In reply to the question, "How can such things be done without becoming known?" he very justly declares that "all persons living on a reservation are absolutely in the power of the agent. He can make life not at all worth living for the man who takes an active open stand against him. If, therefore, an intelligent person detects wrongful acts on the part of an agent he is slow to speak of them above his breath. Besides this there are always people whom a bad agent can persuade to testify in his behalf. The employees, having the fear of losing their position always before them, are pretty certain to be his witnesses, and he can always hire some Indians to tell his story. The inspector who investigates the case is likely to be prejudiced in favor of the white man, and in his cross-examination of the witnesses may bully and brow-beat them, or the interpreter may be the agent's tool and change the Indian's testimony. On the whole, therefore, it is exceedingly difficult to secure satisfactory evidence of wrong-doing by an agent on his own reservation. One may learn from trustworthy persons of things that are wrong, but they will talk freely only on the promise that their names shall not be revealed."

Mr. Grinnell suggests that the Indian agents should not be appointed for political reasons, and that they should hold a much longer tenure of office; apparently failing to realize that under any system of appointments it would be impossible to secure men who would not take more or less advantage of such conditions, and that a longer tenure might often serve to protect a dishonest man and allow him to carry his schemes—to a successful conclusion. A "good agent," he declares, will advance and develop his Indians; but he does not say a word about opportunities for self-development, nor propose the discontinuance of a single agency, although the wisest judges of the situation are agreed that a considerable number of them are worse than useless.

The chapter on education is conservative and, from our point of view, unsatisfactory. Mr Grinnell does well to point out the fact, often ignored in these discussions, that not over one-half of all the Indian children of school age are provided for in either Government or mission schools As he justly remarks, "the showing is not a good one."

He admits that "there is nothing more important for the Indian than association with white people, whether in school or out;" nevertheless we think he does not fully appreciate the necessity of putting such associations within his reach. His declaration that "the agency boarding school is the most important educational agency at work for the Indians" does not indicate a complete grasp of the situation. Exception is taken to the non-reservation schools on the ground of the parents' unwillingness to send their children the longer distance, and because of an idea that the change of climate is likely to affect their health unfavorably; although on these points he offers no evidence. The plan of inducing white district schools in the neighborhood of reservations to receive Indian children upon a payment of ten dollars per quarter is highly commended, though the Indian Bureau has by experience proved it to be a failure; but the Carlisle "outing system" which places a larger number of children in the best public schools free of all cost to the Government, and at the same time provides for their self-support in excellent white families is passed over in silence, probably because of a lack of knowledge. We feel confident that Mr. Grinnell's recent trip to Carlisle and among our out-pupils must have enlarged his views on these points; but why not have ascertained the facts before the book was written?

"Granting that the main object in educating the Indian children," says this author, "is to render the race self-supporting, an aim quite as important as this, indeed included in it, is to make the Indians less unlike us than they are. They exist as an element of our population; they are Americans; and they should be put in a position to develop into a constituent part of our new race, just as the immigrants from a dozen foreign lands have developed and are developing into good and useful citizens of the United States."

It would, we think, have been only just and certainly inspiring and helpful to have sketched the careers of a few of the educated Indians who have done and are doing just this—breaking down race barriers and entering as a real factor into our social, political and commercial life.

As it is, we cannot say that this volume, friendly and kind as is its tenor, leaves a particularly hopeful impression. The author persists in discussing the Indians in mass, and not as individuals; he emphasizes what he regards as racial characteristics, and which wide observation shows to be in the main the results of environment; and we lay the book down with a painful sense of its inadequacy and incompleteness as a study of the new red man.

* THE INDIANS OF TODAY. BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL. HERBERT S. STONE AND CO, CHICAGO. $5.00.

FT. SHAW INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

It is well known that at Fort Shaw is located one of the largest and best Indian schools of the northwest. The old adobe houses, which were, at one time, the protection of the whites against the Indians, are now being used as a shelter for the Indians, as they prepare themselves to fight against their hereditary ignorance and uncivilization.

These buildings, like those of all forts, are built around a quadrangle, which now serves the purpose of a school campus, and here take place their contests in field sports. These are of the same nature as are found in High schools and colleges of the whites; namely,hurdle jumping, high-kicking, racing, etc. Some of the jump ing is worthy of mention, as one young fellow went over, without touching, a bar eight and one half feet from the ground, and the high kicking was equally as good

That the Indian is endowed with musical taste and the ability to trip the "light fantastic toe" was demonstrated at the evening entertainment which was enlivened with excellent music by not only a well-trained brass band, but also by a girls' guitar and mandolin club; and the three negro boys, dancing to the music of the banjo, brought vividly to mind the lively dance of the genuine negro of old Virginia. The vocal music showed much training and recitations from standard authors were well rendered.

Neatly and carefully written papers from the different grades were on exhibition and they showed conclusively that the Indian, in a very short space of time, is capable of making great strides in mental progress. The board and paper drawing would compare favorably with the same grades in any school, while the work done in the various departments of the manual training school equals the work done in any, and excels that which is done in many of the industrial schools throughout the country. In the manual training department are taught wood-carving, blacksmithing, tailoring, dressmaking and cooking. In the workshop were seen beautifully carved Indian clubs, picture frames, tabourets and cabinets. The stitches in the coats and dresses would make many a white boy and girl blush with shame.

To eat the delicious lunch, well-cooked and nicely served by the cooking force of the manual training department, is well worth a trip to Fort Shaw. The old mess room of the fort is now the dining room, and to it, three times a day, the bugle calls the Indian children, who march thither with military precision. In this room there are thirty tables, each seating ten children. The tables are presided over, at the head, by a girl who pours out the tea or coffee, and at the foot, by a boy who serves the meal. Here the Indian takes his first lesson in civilization by learning to use his fork and napkin.

In this school the children are not only being trained physically, mentally and morally, but are also receiving in the home atmosphere of the school their first glimpses into social and domestic life. With all these advantages, the Indian cannot help but become a citizen who is honest, industrious and self-supporting. The hospitality, kindness, and thoughtful attention, administered in allopathic doses by both superintendent and teachers at Fort Shaw, are object lessons to these young people, which must clearly demonstrate that only to education and civilization belong refining influences, and best of all—home. XXX

—[Great Falls (Montana) Tribune.

ECHOES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

We take the following from a report of the Annual meeting of the Presbyterian Women's Board of Home Missions, in the N. Y. Evangelist:

Sixty-six years ago four Nez Perce Indians crossed the mountains, the rivers and the plains, traveling many weary days to the city of St. Louis, that there they might find the white man's God and the white man's Bible. Two died while in the white man's settlement, the others returned to their people to tell that they had failed in their search, having been shown evil in many forms by the white man but not the way of righteousness. Two years later Spaulding and Whitman crossed the continent carrying the Bible to the Nez Perce. Now these people are sending on the Gospel message by native missionaries to the Bannocks, the Crows and the Shoshones, 300 miles away.

The industrial schools are doing a grand work for the Christianization and civilization of the Indian. Each one of these schools is turning out boys and girls well taught in the Scriptures, with a fairly good English education, trained to habits of industry, embued with the Spirit of Christ and prepared to assume the responsibilities of citizenship. The day schools are schools and missions combined and are meeting a long felt want among the Indians.

A few words were spoken by Miss Alice Robertson of Indian Territory, who pleaded for the white people as well as the Indians. The former outnumber the latter 5 to 1, yet by the laws of the Territory no schools are provided for them—they are without laws. Our bread cast upon the waters is indeed returning to us when a Creek says: "These white people are so illiterate that they will drag us down unless we care for them. We cannot send them away, we cannot kill them, we must educate them." Mrs. Wynkoop of Phoenix, Ariz., told of her work among the Pima and Maricopa Indians. Medicine men keep alive the superstition and belief in witchcraft: the medical missionary is needed among them.

J. H de Vore spoke on the subject of Alaska—that great Territory toward which the eyes of the country are turned. It was in a Presbyterian Mission school that the Rev. Edward Marsden, the first native voter, lawyer and minister received the impetus toward better things; it is in the Presbyterian Mission school to-day that the teaching of English, that "great agent of civilization," and the teaching of the Bible is giving to other Alaska children an opportunity for better things.

A TRUE STORY WITH SEVERAL MORALS.

Not many weeks ago some of the Oklahoma Poncas went to South Dakota to visit their friends and relatives at Niobrara. Of course everybody was delighted. All the stories of old days were told in turn. and the pipe of peace and the pipe apiece were filled and refilled.

But there came a time when the stories and provisions were exhausted, and the young men strayed off to a neighboring town, in search of food and amusement.

One of them spied a strange thing. He saw a white farmer who had just sold some vegetables walk up to a slot machine and drop a dollar into it.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, when he saw a keg of beer roll out.

A council was held immediately. A collection was taken up among the Indians and the nickels and dimes resulting changed for a silver dollar. The keg of beer rolled out, and was soon upon pony's back, travelling toward the Indian village.

After it reached there, all the old stories were told over again; but this time with an accompaniment of songs, wailing and shooting.

When quiet was restored at last, one young Indian lay dead. The murderer was sitting by in deep meditation.

"Ugh! I will go with him, before his spirit has gone too far. No white hangsman shall avenge his blood. I will go to his aged mother, and will give her the gun that killed him, to kill me with it."

He went; and the old woman did not argue the matter with him but immediately took the gun and shot him dead. If all the white murderers should follow this Indian's example, they would save much time and money for their trial and execution. C. A. E.