The New Indian

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Let Something Good Be Said

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheeks of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy, no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own souls, hope of fair renown,
Let Something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley in *Literary Digest.*

The Hupa Indian Story

By Lulia Fraser

Northwestern California has a wild, characteristic beauty. Shut off from the great Sacramento Valley by the Coast Range, spurs of which run laterally down to the ocean, it is even yet almost inaccessible, while in the early days it was a country by itself. The steep mountains, impenetrable forests of giant redwoods, open plateaus covered with native grasses, rapid rivers tumbling over boulders and through deep canons, ferns of enormous size, the rugged coast line, are never forgotten after a summer in Humbolt County.

More than fifty years ago a little party of white men came over the mountains from Shasta country searching for gold. They found the coast regions full of Indians who gave them a most hearty welcome. These Indians were living in comfortable, pemanent homes, which were remarkably well-built, though the only tool used was the stone adz. Abundance of the best kind of food—dried seeds from the native grasses, acorns, fish, game and deer—had produced a strong, vigorous race, whose social development was shown in good laws and government, and whose artistic temperment found scope in the weaving of exquisite baskets. Soon other white men with their families came up by sea from San Francisco. The Indians were greatly pleased with them admired them and were exceedingly friendly. The chief had two sons, who were taken into the family of one of the white men. The old father begged his boys to stay with him, but they were persuaded by the promise of guns and books and a good time generally, and were keen to go. For a trifling fault one was shot dead in his brother's presence, but the other from the first was a general favorite. He was much with the white man's children, and with them learned to read and write. Several years later he was converted at a Methodist camp meeting on the Eel River, and his character and his life became such that ungodly white men said, "There is no discount on Billy Beckwith's piety."

Before long one of the most bloody Indian wars broke out. There was cruel wrong on both sides. It was literally the time when every man's hand was against his brother, when every white man felt it his duty to shoot at sight every Indian, and every Iddian knew every white man was his bitter enemy. Through it all Billy was the only man trusted by both whites and Indians. At this time occured what Hittell characterizes as "one of the foulest deeds that blots the pages of history—the horrible and revolting butchery known as the massacre of Indian Island. At the close of the war the Hupa reservation was set aside—a valley ten miles long, from one to three miles wide, surrounded by almost impassible mountians and drained by a beautiful river. But the difficulty was to get the Indians there. Billy volunteered. The winter was one of unusual severity, but in the heavy rains of that stormy year Billy went through the deep forests hunting up the little bands of fugitive Indians, and by repeating to them the promises that had been made to him he finally, got them all on the reservation.

The years passed by.

Hupa was continued as a military reservation, probably because no one cared enough to call the attention of the Washington authorities to the inconsistency. All the Indian reservations, except this one, are in charge of the Department of the Interior. The nearest town was forty miles away: only a rough wagon trail led over the steep mountains which were the valley's barriers. It was considered "a good place to break in raw recruits," which were changed every three months. The officers were allowed to have their families—not the soldiers. There was no law, no restraint, other than the whim of the man in command; all the promises made to Billy Beckwith were forgotten, and the moral condition was indescribably bad.

Now Billy loved the prettiest Indian girl in the valley and won from her the promise to be his wife; they were married at the reservation according to Indian customs, and then he took her to Eureka, on the coast, sixty miles south, where they were duly pronounced man and wife according to the laws of the state of California. Billy worked hard and had accumulated some property. Three babies came to gladen the Christian home, which he was so proudly maintaining on the reservation. But the little wife was gay and attractive, and the white men's tongues flattering and seductive, and one night when Billy came home to supper he found only three babies. Out of boxes slung over the back of his packhorse he made a warm nest for each little girl, and with the baby bundled up in his arms and leading his horse he walked ninety miles to Eel River, where he went directly to the home of a white women, an old, true friend.

And time passed.

Billy, up in the Eel River country, was supporting his children, while down in the beautiful Hupa Valley the shadow of blackest night had settled. When things got very bad the authorities were glad to send for Billy to come and settle disputes. He had done everything in his power to call the attention of the Washington authorities to the condition of the Indians. He had tried to get whit men to write, but all were making too much out of the post to care to disturb it. About this time he wrote: "Many years ago there was an Indian war. At that time the promise was made, 'You shall have Hupa Valley for your home,' and we have waited thirty years for each to have his portion, and be allowed to wo k it and become citizens. We have been kept in wicked hands, no one to teach good things, only wicked things. Many have died, others are suffering now. Is this my treatment at the hands of my white brothers for all my good will and deeds to them? If so, I will draw my blanket over my head, and without another word quietly submit even unto death. Take my life and let me sleep with my fathers, and give my land to my white brothers, for there is no place for the poor Indian."

In 1899, Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer of San Francisco, evangelist for the W. C. T. U., was speaking at Hydesville. She was soon conscious of hungry eyes eagerly fixed upon her, and she saw that they belonged to a great strong man decidedly Indian features, who was cuddling up close to him a little girl. After the meeting he came directly to her and said, "Will you go with me and see my people? You represent many Christian women,you are not a politician, you can talk, you are not afraid to tell what you see, you are not working for money. Just come with me and see my people and then tell the government, and they will believe you—no one believes us!"

Could any Christian resist that plea? She had a wild, rough journey of thrilling interest by mule-back, over unfrequented trails so that no word of her coming should reach the post, while Billy's thoughtful care and tenderness alleviated as much of the inconvenience and fatigue as possible. They finally reached Hupa. Providantially the visit came at the one time of the year when Mrs. Spencer could go about with freedom, for it was the Annual Inspection, and commander and soldiers were all away. She went from home to home listening to heart-breaking tales of wrong and outrage. Men and women eagerly came to the little woman wearing the knot of white ribbon and implored her help. Sunday morning she held a gospel meeting to which the In-

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Showing his Capabilities and Accomplishments

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dians came in crowds. Billy was the interpreter. His rich voice, personal magnetism and deep piety threw a charm into the service which will never be forgotten. In the afternoon one of the most significant and solemn meetings was held. The young men alone came and demanded help from her for their sisters. That was their plea. They wanted them saved from their mother's fate. Their implicit trust in Mrs. Spencer's ability to do this was pathetic. They asked for the white man's laws, the white man's schools and the white man's church, and closed with the plea Billy had first made, "You represent many, many women, you can talk"—and talk she did.

She wrote to President Harrison and to the commissioner of Indian Affairs. As a result the post was abolished, the barracks turned into a boarding and industrial school, and much of the old cause for evil removed.

But Billy's prayer was only half answered, for there was as yet no positive Christian teaching. His girls were now in school at Salem, Oregon, and he was employed as veterinary at the Agency. But his heart was in Hupa, and as three times each day he reverently asked a blessing he added the petition that God would send the bread of life to his people.

Billy is sick unto death. In the delirium which is slowly sapping away his strength he fancied himself surrounded, not by angels of the white man's conception, but by sweet-faced women each wearing the little knot of white ribbon. One of them had given him his ideal of all loveliness, truth and honor, and had done more for his people in three years than all other white people had done in half a century.

Billy's prayer is answered. Missionaries are in the beautiful Hupa Valley, and after long waiting the Indians have the white man's laws, the white man's schools and the white man's church.

A fair for Indians was held at the Standing Rock agency. An exhibit of products raised and material manufactured entirely by Indians proved such a success that it was decided to have the fair annually. The bead and porcupine work exhibit surpassed anything ever shown in the United States.—The Chippeway Herald.

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way.
With resolute heart and cheerful?
Oh a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce
According to what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you are hurt that counts,
But only, how did you take it."

Frost came and pinched our ears.

SCHOOL NEWS AND ITEMS OF INTEREST

The stone foundation for the addition to the Girls' Home is about finished.

$5000 has been expended very recently for building materials to be used at this school and at Walker River.

Mrs. Asbury took Miss Van Voris and Miss Lemmon for a trip to Jack's Valley last Sunday afternoon.

The present adress of the "New Indian" is Stewart, Nevada, and not Carson as many of our exchanges continue to write it.

A new blacksmith joined our ranks a few days ago. Pete is "smiling" more genially than ever and introduces the small newcomer as Ben Percival Johnson.

Sunday was the stormiest day so far this fall. What you could not see was a plenty and all you could see was dust and sand blowing in every direction.

If we may judge from the gruesome tales current, there must have been ghosts abroad Halloween. Ask Mr. Oliver for particulars. Mr. Norton saw them, so he says, but was too frightened to give any intelligent account of what happened.

November 1st, the enrollment had reached 283, an increase of 25 during the month of October. Many of those enrolling recently have never been at school before. Applications for entrance come in nearly every day. Too bad the capacity of the school is not unbounded.

Superintendent Asbury spent the first week of November looking after the interests of the various day schools under his charge. He visited Big Pine, Independence, Bishop and Walker River. New buildings are to be built at Independence and Big Pine for which contracts have just been let to Fowler & Lyon, of Reno.

Some of the employes surprised Miss Glenn on last Saturday evenning is being her birthday. Table games followed by dainty refreshments sped the time quickly by. A birthday celebration is an unusual occurance here, as most of the employes have, for some reason or other, found it necessary to forego the luxury of birthdays at all.

On Saturday October 21, the young men of the school gave a party and invited their young lady friends and some of the employes. Dancing occupied the time until 9:30 when all wended their way to the dining room where Mrs. Sowers superintended the serving of a nice lunch. It goes without saying that all had a fine time, as dancing and eating are both enjoyable passtimes.

The schooi detail changed the first day of November.

Mr. C. H. Asbury has been appointed on the District school board in place of Mr. Commons who resigned.

Francis Charles went to Tonopah the 9th instant to act as interpreter in the Shoshoni language for a case in court.

The carpenter detail is putting new floors in the upper halls of the main building besides doing much other repair work.

A coat of paint has made the laundry look good as new. Some changes and repairs within gives the laundress and her force comfortable and roomy working quarters.

Mr. Commons and family arrived safely at the Omaha Agency last week. Mr. Commons has entered upon his new duties and writes that all is well with them in their new home.

Miss Thomas gave the wee ones a party in her schoolroom one evening last week. The question, "When are we going to eat, Miss Thomas" almost as soon as they came into the room, leads one to suspect that "the eating" is the most interesting performance that takes place at a small people's party.

Miss Thomas has found it necessary to open another reading room for the boys. She now permits the chaps of the lower grades the use of her schoolroom where they amuse themselves, in an orderly way, for an hour each evening. The youngsters are certainly very happy in the possesion of a reading room apart from the one occupied by the large boys.

The boys' reading room is a most popular resort at this time of the year. The room is open from 6 to 7 P. M. every day of the week except Saturday and is crowded with the boys who enjoy reading the papers and magazines always found on the tables there. The reading room has already a number of good books, and the librarian, Miss Thomas, is compiling another long list which is soon to be added. Besides the books a number of good magazines, not now on file, will be furnished the "book worms" of the school.

Thanksgiving Hymn

The following beautiful song of praise was written by Mrs. M. A. Peters, day school teacher at Big Pine, and is sung by the pupils of her school.

O'er all our land, afar and near,
Ring, ring, O bells, Thanksgiving ring,
Ye people, with united hearts,
In one glad song your praises sing.

CHORUS.

Praise ye, the Lord! in sweet accord,
Your hearts and voices raise.
O, bless His name! His love proclaim,
God of the Harvest, praise!

For tender love, and watchful care,
For ev'ry blessing, great and small,
For life and health, for home and friends,
We thank Thee, Mighty Lord of All!

Praise ye the Lord! etc.

May we e'er love the Bounteous Hand,
That doth on us such gifts bestow,
The Precious Fount, the Source divine,
From whence so many blessings flow.

Praise ye the Lord! etc.

The Line Up

Following is the football line up.

James Yackimo	L. T.
Joe McBride	R. G.
Jesse Wadsworth	L. E.
Jack Wilson	L. H. B.
Sam Whithorne, Captain	Q. B.
Isaac Jack	L. G.
George Hooten	R. E.
Francis Charles	R. T.
Willie James	F. B.
Henry Dave	Center

SUBSTITUTES

Frank Andrews	R. H. B.
Maxie Luce	R. G.
Dan Booyer	L. G.
Martin Walker	L. E.

Schedule of Games

Oct. 21. N. S. U. at Stewart Institute.
N. S. U. 6; Stewart 0.

Nov. 11. N. S. U. at Reno.
Nov. 18. R. H. S. at Reno.
Nov. 29. R. H. S. at Stewart Institute.

Curious Facts

One-third of the fruit ranches in California are owned or managed by women.

During the present period of prosperity, America alone consumes more champagne than is produced in all France.

England imports over 200,000,000 oranges every year, a large part of which are used in the manufacture of marmalade.

Barbers say that during a very hot wave they do 20 per cent more business than in winter, as a man's beard grows faster in hot weather than when it is comfortable.

—Woman's Magazine.

Items of Interest

Written by the Pupils—Not corrected

Daisy McCloud is the best speller in the school, she all the time get 100.

The 8th grade has two divisions, an 8A and an 8B. The 8A will graduate this year if they do not get too lazy.

The 7th and 8B grades recite history and grammer together, but they do not recite arithmetic in the same class.

Miss Lemmon has some Chinese Lilies in her room. They have some buds on them now, but have not borne any flowers yet.

Katie Christie is learning to play on the piano and she is going to play for the literary society some time soon, Miss Fisher says she learns "good."

The pupils of room 4 are good artists. They have lots of nice drawings up in their room. Winona Stewart and Ed Pascal always make the prettiest drawings.

Miss Van Voris is teaching the pupils of room 3 to sing. Sometimes they sound funny. I think they must be good singers as they can get along without any tune.

We sing some of the time on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at study hour. Miss Van Voris plays sometimes, then our music teacher, Miss Fisher, sings with us and we like it.

We go to Sunday School on Sunday morning and to church or song service on Sunday night. Mr. Pike comes out to talk to the school children two Sunday evenings in each month.

There are two ninth grade students in our room this year, they study civics, U. S. history, grammer, literature and composition, spelling and arithmetic. They have funny problems.

The Standard Literary Society gave a nice temperance program in October. Everybody enjoyed it except those who did the work. Next time the Society is going to give a funny play called Dr. Cure-All.

When the boys went to the dog and pony show, the girls went to the pond and roasted potatoes. We had a fine time. Miss Cullen read a funny story while we waited for the potatoes to cook. Some of us waited too long and did not get any.

The Literary Society has a meeting one Friday in each month. All the members, 62 in number, must attend. Sometimes the emyloyes come too and the President may invite 12 children who do not belong, so we often have a housefull of people.

Some pupils do not like to write items, but others think it fun. I would rather recite my lessons when I know them well.

The fifth grade recite language and spelling almost every day. We study lots of other things too. I like my arithmetic work best of all. We are learning to add fractions now.

Beware!

When justice prevails, the victim should not be condemned; if we be wise.

Naming Kiowa Indian Papoose

By Florence B. Crofford

There are two important ceremonies in which a little Kiowa Indian papoose plays an important part. The first is the all-important one of naming the new-born baby. This honor is accorded the father as are all the honors and privileges of the camps; he is the ruling spirit of the tepee as well as of the chase, the mystic tribal ceremonies, and the midnight council fires.

When the tiny infant makes its appearance in the tepee, the father goes out hurriedly in search of a name, unless something remarkable has occurred in connection with the little one's birth that suggests a name; for instance, an Indian on the Kiowa-Comanche reservation bears the suggestive title of "Born-a-long-way-from-home," while a squaw born in sight of a bridge is called "Un-ka-ma," which is Kiowa for bridge. Generally, however, the first object that attracts and holds the attention of the abstracted father furnishes the name. Sage is a common growth on the prairies; should the father happen to look attentively upon a bunch of white sage, his baby girl would in all probably bear the name of "Ti-i-ti," or "White Sage." Perhaps the tiny red warrior arrived in the lonely night watches, and the anxious father in his search for a name paused to listen to the wierd, piercing chorus of a pack of hungry coyotes then the baby would have straightway received the name of "Howling Coyote."

If the father fails to find a suitable name, or if nothing of importance is associated with the birth of the child, then some personal peculiarity suggests a name. An old Kiowa Indian is named "Tsait-tim-gear," which translated means "Stumbling Bear," on account of his awkward gait. A young chief has his career hampered with the inglorious appellation of "Young-man-afraid-of-his-horse," and such names as "No Folks," "Coming Bird," "Buckskin Tail," "Big Looking-glass," and "Silver Horn," can be heard on this reservation today. "Poor Lo," has evidently made little progress in nomenclature.

One of the missionaries at Anadarko, who at one time labored among the Seminoles, was called by them "Iste Hutke Kokuene," meaning "that short white man," which referred to his small stature.

The second momentous occasion in the life of a Kiowa papoose is the day upon which his baby feet for the first time keep step to the rythmical beats of the "tom-tom" (drum), while he is being initiated into the peculiar dance of "the rabbit circle." This occurs as soon as he learns to totter, for every Kiowa child, both male and female is a born "pho-li-yo-ye," or "rabbit." When a big feast and dance is to be held, the children of all sizes, from the toddler to the youth and maiden, paint their faces, and under the leadership of an old man who has charge of the "rabbits," make ready for their dance. They jump around in a circle with a motion as much like that of a rabbit as possible, keeping time with the forefingers of each hand, which are raised to mimic a rabbits feet in running, and at the same time making a slight noise like a rabbit.—Young People.

Special Training for Teachers of Indians

A writer in the Southern Workman for October advocates special training for teachers of Indians. He says:

"The greatest need of Indian education to-day is a corps of teachers trained to understand Indian life and environment, its habits of thought, its possibilities, its prejudices, its peculiarities, and its tendencies; trained in the kind of knowledge which the Indian needs to have; trained to do the things which the Indian should learn to do; trained in methods of imparting needed knowledge in such a manner as will appeal to the mind of the Indian child; trained in such a manner as to enable him to excite and promote the Indian child's interests in those things by which he is ever surrounded, and which he should be taught to control and make contribute to his own happiness and prosperity. And above all do we need a body of teachers possessed of a sympathetic missionary spirit that will enable them to give advice, assistance, and encouragement, not only to the young Indians, but to the older ones—the simple-minded full-bloods, who do not understand or appreciate the new life which the abolition of tribal laws and the individual allotment of lands are gradually forcing upon them. Never in the history of our country has the full-blood Indian stood so much in need of honest-minded, sympathetic friends as at this present hour."

Flandreau, S. D., August 4.—The "hobo" as a farmhand is practically extinct in Moody county. Cabalistic signs on the water tanks, coalsheds and elevators inform the boys that the shade there is safe resting place, where no peaceful meditations are upset by the materialistic farmer with his "Say, do any of your fellers want a job?"

Riggs Institute, the United States Indian school north of the city, has been supplying farmers with Indian boys for harvest hands, and those who have employed them are well pleased with the help. Charles F. Pierce, superintendent of the school, said recently:

"As harvest hands the boys of our school have largely taken the place of the hobo in Moody county, and are giving satisfaction in every particular. We are giving the matter more attention now than in the past, and have placed nearly fifty boys with the better class of farmers of the county. These boys are from 16 to 20 years of age, and receive from $1.50 to $2 a day for a period of from six to eight weeks, returning to school with $50 or $60 to their credit in the fall.

"Teaching the Indian to work is the shortest solution of the Indian problem. Many of our boys prefer to remain at school during the vacation period and earn a nice sum of money than to return to the reservation, where they have nothing to do but live in idleness. Indians will work if given the chance and that is what we are doing for these boys."—Review.

The Indian parent deserves credit for the faith and confidence placed in the white man and his schools. It requires courage and severe self-denial to permit his offspring to go miles from home; to be gone months, and perhaps years, among strangers. The affection of the Indian parent for the child can be no less than that of the white parent. The attachment may be even greater, because the untutored is influenced less by reason. The opinions, customs and habits of the Indian are a heritage from his ancestors, and are as closely interwoven in his nature as those of any race. He realizes that in sending his child to school he repudiates the ancient customs of his people. He does so because he has been told it is for the good of the child. Few white people, under like circumstances, would as freely and trustfully surrender their children to strangers.—Albuquerque Indian.