

they are merely servants. The whole business is managed by loud-voiced Yankee hustlers, who demand high prices for the goods.

As the train starts off, and the passengers flock into the dining car, a man of the district talks freely of the trade in Indian wares. He is one of those who live by it, and he exports rugs and other things to Europe, as well as to New York and other eastern cities. He employs large numbers of the Indians. He says that a squaw can make a rug such as we have seen in a month's time. He sells the rug for many pounds; but he tells without hesitation the incredibly small sum he pays the woman for her work. When a word of protest is uttered, he excuses his meanness by saying that it is difficult to prevent the women wasting or stealing some of the wool that he doles out to them for weaving in their homes. When asked if the Indians still use for themselves rugs of their own making, he says, 'No,' and explains that they cannot afford them, but must buy instead (out of what the white trader pays them for their own wares) cheap machine-made things.

Now that the red people well nigh have been exterminated, perhaps partly from pure pity and compunction, and partly perhaps because the aborigines are an interesting curiosity like the buffalo or any other rare wild thing, the American Government now wishes to save them from becoming extinct. They are called the 'wards' of the nation, and where the soil of the reservations is too poor, or the conditions are too unkindly to maintain them, rations are dealt out to them. Several Indian Colleges have been set up, where any young man or woman who has even a sixth part of Indian blood may be admitted, and the Government sends out into the reservations to collect free students for these institutions.

\* \* \*

It was the mid-day hour for recreation at the Indian College of Haskell, at Lawrence, Kansas. A number of tall, strongly-built youths in ordinary modern clothes of navy blue were strolling about with arms around each other's necks. A group of dark-eyed girls with bright blue cotton pinafores, were skipping in the sun.

Later, we saw them at work in the various spacious buildings that make up the institution. In learning reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, drawing, and all the various things usually taught in schools, the boys and girls, whose ages seemed to range mostly between 15 and 20

years, worked side by side. They were graded, without distinction of sex, according to their progress. On the notice boards in the class-rooms and corridors were announcements of various debating and other societies run by the students. Amongst these was a pen and ink drawing showing Uncle Sam dressed in the Stars and Stripes, with President Taft and the 'stand-patters' and 'insurgents'. It had the hasty spirited look that one expects from the pen of a cartoonist and was very much better than many of the cartoons one sees in the Daily Press.

Many buildings are devoted to teaching the lads practical trades – blacksmithing, plumbing, carpentering, building, house painting, and numbers of others. The superintendent said that the manual work produced at Haskell was better than that done by the students at the Chicago University; also that the architects trained at Haskell frequently obtained Government posts. Everything seemed to be turned out with the accustomed modern finish, and, except for some specimens of engraved steel work and wood and metal inlay, there seemed nothing distinctively Indian. The architectural drawings were of buildings such as are to be seen by the mile in any American town.

Garment making played an important part in the women's side of the institution. One large room contained rows and rows of sewing machines; another was devoted to cutting out and fitting. Ordinary shirts, blouses and dresses, like those of any modern commercial factory, were being turned out by the score. The students were also taught to make 'fancy work', which consisted chiefly of mats, table centres, and antimacassars. Some of these were of white muslin, dotted over with foolish little pieces of green paper, cut to represent shamrock leaves. Others were embroidered with floral patterns, exactly like those which are designed, in the least possible time, by the jaded sweated factory wage slaves, who cannot pause to observe real flowers.

There was nothing to indicate that these things had been produced by Indians; no least hint of that unerring sense of fitness, proportion and harmony, that is invariably present in native Indian wares. There was nothing barbaric, inventive, fanciful – none of that joy in ornament and colour that characterizes primitive craft work. Though much of this was true of the men's side of the Institution alas, the fact jarred less tragically, for the teaching there was very much better of its kind and would develop a higher order of skill in the pupil. Moreover the very mechanical and structural nature of the things that the lads were making, necessitated