

their being useful and workmanlike, and there is always some beauty and interest in every really useful thing.

At the back of a show-case filled with tawdry artificial flowers, was one genuine native Indian rug – a harmonious commingling of brilliant colours grateful [*sic*] to the eye. Seeing it, I said to the teacher: 'the girls here still do some of their native weaving, pottery, and rug-making, then?' 'No,' was the reply, and then, with evident scorn, 'Oh, that rug – that was made years ago. There is no weaving anything of that kind done here now!' 'Has the native work been given up because those who come here are expert in it already?' 'Oh, no,' she said, 'most of the girls know nothing whatever when they come here. They do not even know what a needle is! Rug-making and all that sort of thing, is dying out amongst them as fast as it can!'

So the crafts and the decorative arts are dying out through poverty and disease in the reservations, and they are being stamped out, even more absolutely, by contact with commerce-made ugliness and false standards in schools and colleges. Soon, those sharp Yankee hustlers will have no more Indian wares to make their money with.

We watched her flitting in and out amongst her pupils – the little white woman, with her drawn, jaded face – doing her best, teaching them what she knew. There was rich blood in their veins. One saw it through their clear glowing skin, and in their strong, dark eyes, their firm full lips, their black abundant hair, and their well-nourished limbs. They were all, because of these things, comely; but while some had the squat forms and features characteristic of certain tribes, others were tall, and their faces possessed a strange dignity and beauty, immobile and statuesque.

What, with the passing of the ages, might the Red race have become had the white men not gone with fire and slaughter to make war on them? Were they in an early stage of a long development, or would they, if unmolested, have remained always simple and primitive as then? What is their future now? Will they die out altogether? They do not take kindly to the life that the white men have given them. 'I will not stay in one place,' said the old chief, when the reservation was offered. 'I see that in one place my people die off from famine and sickness more quickly than by the sword. When I am dead you may put me in one place.'

When the spring comes, many boys break loose from Haskell College, and fly back to the tribal home.

'It is no use bothering about the Indians,' says the man in the street. 'Whatever you do for them, they nearly all go back to their old ways. They are too lazy to work!' 'They make very good house servants,' says his wife, 'but you can hardly ever get them to stay.'

'Onwards floweth the water, onward through meadows broad;  
'How happy,' the meadows say, 'art thou to be rippling onward.'