

the Garden of Eden, saw that his only way of growing was to reach out, and although he may have been too ambitious and reached too far, but in his reaching he found a lesson and with it added wisdom. No more to-day can we survey a tract of land, perhaps one thousands miles square, fill it with the necessities of life, and say to the Indian: "That is your home, stay there; do your scalping among yourselves, and we will send you all the tobacco, liquor and shelled corn necessary for your personal need." Can we wonder that they get together and decide to petition our Chief Magistrate personally, as did the delegation of Oklahoma Kickapoo Indians during the past week. It certainly must have been a very picturesque gathering as they filed into the President's office, attired in full Kickapoo regalia, their faces daubed with paint, and, it is said, the only thing out of place, or fashion, perhaps they would term it, was that they wore rubbers over their moccasins. The venerable Chief, White Water explained through an interpreter that his people were dissatisfied with the law dividing their land in severalty. They had obtained the land from the Great Spirit, he said, and wished to preserve their tribal relations, and not be obliged to take up separate farms and become civilized. They had, therefore, come to Washington to see the "Great Father" for redress. The only thing the President could and did do, was to reply in kindly tones that the Severalty Act was a law of the land, and he was obliged to carry it out. He told them that the white man was endeavoring to improve their condition, and they should do the same. He hoped the Kickapoos would realize the wisdom of this, and advise them to abide by the law and become civilized. And then we say to the black man: "If you don't want to do the second or third class work of the whites for what food and clothing we feel like giving you, go back to Africa and build schools and colleges of your own."

Surely this mode of procedure would not be a new one, for it is not an overdrawn picture of the average man to-day; yet, many of them profess to love their neighbor as themselves, do justly, and walk honestly and humbly with their God.

It is when the negro or Indian dares to try and develop his latent talents by expanding his ideas and opinions, which it is true may seem crude, that the white man becomes jealous and forms all manner of arguments to prove satisfactory to himself that he has a right to subjugate those beneath him in intellectual qualifications; that he himself may not be superceded later by the too active seeker after more enlightenment. To-day I think one of the greatest reasons why the white man is not willing to afford his darker brother equal advantages with himself is because of his jealousy and fear of his noble deeds, built up by so many years and centuries of hard work, being imitated, and perhaps in time being improved upon. He likes to think and appropriate to himself alone the words,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

and then perhaps he hears the echo from the Western Indian bearing to his sensitive nature the same words, and the only way he can calm his mind is to exclaim in his anger that they are *not men*, only *beasts*, and should be treated as such, and resolves to frame a Bill that shall lessen their allotted territory each year until gradually they become extinct.

Such it seems to me is the tendency of the white man to-day, and can we wonder that the savage race, instead of developing a feeling of brotherly love for his pale neighbor, vows to repay the wrongs in as barbarous and cruel a manner as lies within his power to execute.

To go back to a preceding thought, how can we expect the ignorant or unlearned to develop and grow if kept by