

It would be impossible to describe the agonised uncertainty with which he climbs the stairs each morning and noon to see if the ink bottles are filled, and the sigh of relief with which he welcomes another day's respite. But the exam. comes and goes and he lives on. 'Tis true that he is somewhat disappointed in finding that it is not half so tragic an affair as he supposed.

Before he came to Normal School he had an idea that in these "times which try men's souls," that students in various stages of unconsciousness lay about the room while groans of anguish from the sterner sex rent the air. This was his idea. The reality was very different. There were no visible signs of agony on the part of his fellow students, save for the expression of the various faces which were Spartan-like in their fixed resolve to do it or die.

After the exam. comes the ordeal of getting the estimates on the various papers, and then comes peace and quiet and steady work for a few weeks more. The student at Normal School finds that if he would maintain a creditable standing he must work fairly hard, but not to the detriment of his health. He can keep up his work without burning one drop of mid-night oil, or displaying even the first signs of emaciation.

In fact the majority of students enjoy life at Normal School immensely. Thoughts of the "final" on which so much depends, will sometimes give them momentary qualms, but nearly always in a wiser life they look back to the time spent at Normal School as one of the happiest periods of their lives.

Such is the preparation which every student must undergo, before he goes forth a full-fledged pedagogue to try his hand at teaching the young idea to shoot. The dreaded "final" over, and the coveted license actually his, he goes forth to meet—he knows not what; but very soon he finds out what his duties are, and if he is the right kind of a teacher, will endeavor to discharge these duties to the best of his ability. Above all he will not allow himself to get into a rut, but despite the fact that he may be teaching quite "out of creation" will try to keep up with the spirit and progress of the age.

Normal School students in need of a first-class fitting suit, pants or overcoat made to order should go to Anderson & Walker. Their prices are low prices. See their ad. in this issue.

### America's Treatment of the Indians.

The following words will place me in a position open to criticism, to say the least; and knowing as I do that I probably will receive it from my fellow students, I would emphatically say that I am not, as you might suppose, an enemy of civilization, or of the English speaking people; but using the phraseology of the times, "a mere crank." These words have burned their way into my very soul, and the outcome of it is that I, with a great deal of hesitation give them to the public.

What right have we to the land on which we live? None whatever. Oh! but we bought it, says some one, so you must be mistaken. So we did, but the price was nominal. It was as if a man of giant stature should approach a farmer and say to him: I will give you \$1.00 for your farm. Before the man has time to reply, the would-be purchaser unsheathes a mighty sword, and holds it over the farmer's head. At the same time an avaricious smile flits across his visage; and in awful tones he commands the husbandman to answer. The farmer being well aware that his only alternative is to give it for nothing, answers: I—will—sell.

But we own it by "right of discovery." Every conscientious person who has thought of the subject must agree with me that this is no right at all. It is probably a thread-bare and hackneyed expression, but true nevertheless that "it is a poor rule that won't work two ways." Now if a few Indians had found their way across the "big pond," landed somewhere on the continent of Europe, and tried to take possession of it by the right spoken of I doubt as to whether they (the people of Europe) would have agreed with the Indians, when they said that the land is ours for all time, by the "right of discovery."

It has been urged by some that no treatment is too bad for the red man, because he has treated the colonists badly—always breaking faith with them—a mean and contemptible fellow all around. From the very beginning of colonization in America, the whites have practised roguery and deceit in regard to the Indian—broken faith with them repeatedly. Why! every body knows that the natives were friendly to the first settlers. But why did they so suddenly become hostile. The follow-

ing words of the Chief tells why: "They only asked for enough land on which to build a wigwam and grow some corn. We gave it them, but when they got that they drove the Indians back, and wanted all." This driving back has been going on for years and years, and still continues to go on. Year by year the poor Indian retreats toward the setting sun. If the "gold fever" had not laid hold of the people, which must eventually arrest the westward march of the red man, the probabilities are that room could not have been found on this continent for him, and when he came to the Pacific coast the command still would have been "onward." Who is responsible for him being a drunkard? No other than the whites. This curse was unknown to him until they came. Let an Indian, who is probably on the point of starvation—his means of livelihood having been taken from him, massacre a white man; and a howl of indignation goes up from all over this country; but when numbers of Indians, not only men, but women, with infants at their breasts, are murdered by soldiers, as at "Wounded Knee," (U. S.), no cry is heard in behalf of the murdered people; but the soldier who fell, did so covered with glory. Some are even ready to complain, because the government gives them aid. They are repeatedly robbed by government officials; but if every cent of the heaviest subsidy that was ever voted, for this or any other purpose, was placed in the hands of the Indians, it would be small compensation for the millions of square acres of this smiling land, which have been taken from them.

In the roseate light of this century, everything is free—press, religion, everything except the poor Indian. His condition is not being improved as it should be. I am fully convinced that something must be done, and that right early, if we would partially make amends for the evil we have already done. Year by year we find that they are decreasing in numbers. Soon these sons of the forest will be but the legend of a forgotten race.

Were I an Indian I would say (and mean) the immortal words of the bold American statesman: "Appealing to Heaven for the justice of my cause I determine to die or be free."

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