

on a reservation where he cannot hurt or interfere with the plans of his greedy white despoiler. He is not a citizen. He has no more rights than a child. His rations are doled out to him like any other prisoner. In effect he is little better than a paroled prisoner—a sort of class A trusty.

This is the stand taken by the wealthy Philadelphian, and upon it he has built up a plan of campaign for citizenizing the Indian. All this deplorable condition is to be changed, if Rodman Wanamaker has his way, and is being changed by his faithful lieutenant, Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon and his staff of co-workers, among whom is Major James McLaughlin, Inspector of the Interior Department, detailed by Secretary Lane to accompany the expedition. Dr. Dixon has the magnetism that inspires confidence in the crafty Indian, suspicious of the good intentions of the white man, and with a hereditary right of distrust of the overtures of his white brother. Mr. Wanamaker, who is a son of the former Postmaster-General under the Cleveland regime, the Philadelphia and New York dry goods multi-millionaire, has the money to devote to such a vast enterprise, and it will take a lot of money before the task of civilization becomes an accomplished fact. Thus the doctor and the capitalist form a strong combination for the civilization of the red man. But the spark of sentiment has become a flame and soon will burst into a healthy blaze.

Already this sentiment has been materialized into an Indian memorial at Fort Wadsworth, the highest point on the coast from New York to Florida, the first spadeful of dirt for the building of which was dug by ex-President Taft on his last official visit to New York. The figure of a North American Indian of super-heroic size, rising to a height of 165 feet is to adorn the memorial building. It will be a rival in its impressive greatness to the Statue of Liberty. But that is merely the outward show, a sort of declaration of intention. The real work is being done by Dr. Dixon and his corps of aides, among whom are the doctor's son, Rollin L. Dixon.

Love, equality, friendship and confidence in the good faith of Uncle Sam are the only weapons used by Dr. Dixon in his campaign against the Indian. His breastworks are the Stars and Stripes, his trenches the American eagle, and he can make them do what powder and shot have failed to accomplish. Wrapping the National banner around his body, Dr. Dixon seems to be able to perform miracles in the way of dissipating the distrust of the Indian. His quondam suspicion melts like the morning mist, and, when this eminent missionary has got through with "Poor Lo" he is again a noble red man—still an Indian, but an American citizen with a flag, where before he had none. And that flag, which