

The Chemawa American.

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One month of '98 has gone. How many minutes and hours did you waste during that month?

Lookout for the man who can never say a good word of another.

Time is money. Learn to spend it just as carefully and profitably as your money.

Wound no one's feelings unnecessarily by unkind words, or deeds. There are thorns enough in the pathway of life.

Watch the person whenever he is your friend to your face and tells you that all others are your enemy.

There is no Indian School in the United States big enough to contain more than one clique. One is all any Institution can stand and it must comprise all.

The merchants of Genoa, Neb., must think an Indian School is a hot place by the way they advertise their ice cream at this season of the year, in the NEWS.

Shun mischief makers as you would the bottomless pit, for they are worse than an enemy. Many a good man has been pulled down by association with mischief makers.

We see by the INDIAN NEWS of Genoa that Col. Anderson is still in the land of the living and was recently inspecting the Rosebud Agency schools. We hope he will remember his Chemawa friends when he visits Buffalo.

The Salem Indian School will celebrate its 18th. birthday on the 25th instant. Captain Wilkinson organized the school in the same year that Capt. Pratt launched the great ship Carlisle. He stuck to his ship and kept it off the rocks, while Chemawa has had nearly a score of Pilots, in the eighteen years of its existence.

To-day it has 350 pupils and 40 employes. Next year the attendance will exceed 400. On its twentieth Birthday, Chemawa will reach the 500 mark and be the Carlisle of the West. "Where there's a will there's a way."

Baby Men

Sometimes we think, that one thing which makes hard times harder, is the number of baby men running about. You can hear them squall almost any time of day or night, by baby men, we mean those fellows who are easily knocked out. Here are a few specimens: One who quits work a week on account of a frosted finger. A man who lies abed till nine o'clock on account of the cold. One who is jealous because his neighbor is getting to the front by hard work, a man who is afraid of work. A man who is afraid he will soil his hands. One who wants some one else to support him. A man who blames his wife for being poor. One who blames the government because his ancestors did not leave him any money. A strong, vigorous man who cries because he is tired. A man who gets sick for want of exercise. One who will not hustle. The dude and the dandy. The sluggard and the whiner; soft men who are afraid to run, jump or kick.

Pretty men who are just too sweet to live. Toadies, sillies and foolies. The world is full of baby men, and there is no use looking for the millennium, nor even for extragood times, till they are grown up. *Watertown (S. D.) Times.*

The old man in the tower, read the above article and smiled. He wondered if there were any Baby Boys or Men at Chemawa. If so he wishes them to send in their names to his Office in the tower, and he will give them all a nice sociable in the woods, where they can swing Miss axe and enjoy a grand right and left all day long.

Our Cuban Friend.

Capt. Ed. P. Mahoney of the Republic of Cuba visited Chemawa a few weeks ago and made many friends for Cuba by his earnest words and interesting accounts of the unfortunate conditions existing there.

As bullets can do more real effective missionary work than bibles in that devastated island at the present time, the pupils of Chemawa soon raised a sufficient amount of money to purchase 1000 rounds of ammunition and gave it to Capt. Mahony, thereby showing their true sympathy for the poor Cubans, who are fighting for their homes and liberty.

While in Oregon, the Captain also lectured in Portland, Salem, Albany and did much good for the Cuban cause. From Oregon he went to California, where he is still engaged in fighting Spain in preaching the gospel of Cuba to the American people.

In many of the cities mass meetings were called, and resolutions passed asking Congress to take action looking toward the recognition of Cuba.

Some people have tried to brand Capt. Mahony as a fraud and imposter, but as an honest courageous soldier, he stood his ground and clearly proved by the Cuban authorities at New Orleans, under which agency he is engaged, that all such statements against him and his noble work were false.

Capt. Mahony made many friends at Chemawa who never doubted his integrity. To

them he has written several personal letters and furthermore states that as he again returns to the battle field in a short time to work for Cuba with his Machete he will when possible write the pupils here through the CHEMAWA AMERICAN direct from the camp of the insurgents.

To Wed an Indian.

Garret White, son of Many-White-Horses, and Mrs. Minnie Cushman drove in from the Fort Shaw Indian school with the evident intention of getting married. White is a Piegan Indian, and not far removed from a full-blood. He has been employed as a teacher in the Indian school at Fort Snaw, and evidently made the acquaintance of Mrs. Cushman while she was also employed as a teacher. Mrs. Cushman is a comely widow of 26, and has a child. The license was not issued, it is understood, because the necessary formal information was not forthcoming. This son of Many-White-Horses said that he was going to the Blackfeet agency tonight, and it is probable that Mrs. Cushman will accompany him. Together they will probably pay their respects to Capt. T. P. Fuher, the new agent.

—Great Falls (Mont.) Leader.

It is not an unusual occurrence at this age for young educated Indians of both sexes to inter-marry with the whites; altho' newspapers publish them with a coloring of romance. The Indian is coming to the front as a race through the influences of education, civilization, Christianity [and foot ball]

Some of the handsomest ladies of the land are proud to point to their Indian blood and ancestry. With education and refinement they have been and will be strong rivals with their whiter sisters, for the hearts and hands of good respectable white men.

Likewise are young educated Indian men such as Garret White, frequently marrying intelligent and refined ladies of the Anglo-Saxon race. When inter-marriage between the two races becomes more general, the Indian problem will soon solve itself and real Indians be a thing of the past.

It is only within the last fifty years that the work of education was started among the Indians.

The Anglo-Saxon or white race has had over 1800 years of training and education which has lifted it to its present standard.

The white race has nothing more to be proud of than the Indian race when we consider how the old wild heathen tribes of white people lived before they became civilized and educated.

The prejudice existing between the races is rapidly declining, and the one quarter of a million Indians will soon be lost sight of when mixed up with seventy million whites.

Ge—What are you loafing around town at this time of the night for?

Dee—'Fraid to go home. Wife told me to be sure and remember something, and I've forgotten what it was.

Ge—It wasn't bread or groceries, was it?

Dee—No.

Ge—Baby food, tacks, or theatre tickets?

Dee—No; but I've just thought of it.

Ge—What was it?

Dee—Why, she wanted me to remember to come home early.— Ex.