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"What should be Expected of the Indian Pupil and What He Should be Taught."

BY EX-GOVERNOR J. H. FLETCHER

Continued from last issue.

Before leaving this part of my subject I wish to say a few words to the girl pupils of this school: I wish to remind them that many a woman has found out that a man is a good deal like the Irishman's horse—a good animal, but he had two faults; he was mighty hard to catch in the pasture, and when you did catch him he was very little good. They found out that before the wedding he would greet her with a smile that spread from ear to ear, but that after the wedding he was snappish, churlish and ill-natured.

Before the wedding he would offer her the best chair in the room but after he would put his feet on the rocker or place them on the mantle piece. There was a time when he would wake at night thinking of sweet things to say to her, but now he sleeps like a log and snores like an engine while she walks the floor with a quivering baby.

It would surprise the world to know how many wives there are who support lazy, good-for-nothing husbands.

A man who would allow this should be kicked from his home and introduced to the whipping post. So my advice to girl students is go slow—beware. But I am told that matches are made in heaven. They may be, but I fear they stick one end of them in the other place.

My next point is, the student should be patriotic and loyal to his country.

It should be the aim of every citizen of the United States to conserve a true American—nationality—to nurture a patriotism so broad, pure, discriminating, so prevailing and abiding that neither demagogues nor anarchists will be able to shake the solid foundations of our national union.

An old proverb has it that "It is a dirty bird which soils its own nest." If the white man has ill-treated the red man in other days, and he sometimes has, the Indian must "forgive and forget it."

He is nobly making amends now for his sins of the past. He is caring for the Indian as he never cared for him before.

He is giving him land, food and machinery.

He is providing him with schools and teachers who are not only educating him, but pointing him to a higher and nobler life.

Is he disloyal to the Government, therefore—who is doing all this for him, would be the rankest ingratitude and basest treachery.

A government which guarantees liberty to every citizen deserves a heart-felt love and loyalty.

Slavery and patriotism are incompatible. The North American Indian, leaving the hunting grounds of his fathers have left them to seek freedom in the land of the setting sun.

The rod oppressor, held over the backs of a people, soon drives the patriotism out of their hearts. The South Sea Islander knows no land but his own. The voice of his chief is his only law.

He knows no privilege but to live and yet he loves his country, but it is merely the love of a brute for the spot where he has been pampered rather than the genuine patriotism of one of us who can sing:

"My Country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

And just here I wish remark that there can be no liberty without law. Many people come to this country expecting the liberty we speak of means means to do what they will.

But they are mistaken. Now if there is any person here not satisfied with America's ideas of law and liberty, it will not cost him any more to buy a ticket from New York to Europe than one from Europe to New York.

And he has our permission to go. And we can part with his society without shedding a tear.

Our motto should be, "love of liberty and obedience to law."

There is another point I wish to make. It is this: People cannot love a country in which they are starved.

This country starves nobody; therefore, it is worthy of our love and reverence. No country can be secure. I care not if Moses made the Constitution and Solow its laws, where half its people are homeless, where mothers give the withered breast to hungry babes.

Here these things are not possible for we have shattered the sceptre of the tyrant and broken the shackles from the slave.

We have torn the diadem from the brow of royalty