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"What should be Expected of the Indian Pupil and What he should be Taught"

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(Continued from last issue.)

Nothing can be denied to well-directed labor. The whole world demands workers.

It was Henry Ward Beecher who said: "There is nothing so hateful in life as death, and among a people nothing is so terrible as dead men who walk about and do not know that they are dead."

A young man born and bred in Chicago decided to go further west and rough it. That's what our great President did.

He got off the train in Wyoming. He started out to find work. He came across a sheepowner, and begged for employment.

The rancher asked him if he ever herded sheep. He said he did not, but he would try. Having agreed upon the wages he was to get him the rancher told, to take the pony and go out.

He replied that he didn't want one—that he was never yet beaten in anything he undertook.

He was to return at six o'clock, but he didn't appear. The owner waited until seven, but no boy.

Then came eight, nine and ten o'clock, when he arrived greatly exhausted.

"Well, my man," said the owner, "did you get the sheep in the corral?" "I did but I had a terrible job getting in the lambs."

"Well, but there were no lambs in my flock." "O yes, there were too."

"But I say there was not."

"But I know there were."

"Don't you contradict me—I say there were no lambs in my flock." "Well, come out and I will show them to you."

So out they went. "Where are the lambs now," inquired the owner when they reached the corral.

"There they are—those little fellows with the long ears."

"Why you infernal fool, those are not lambs; they are just rabbits—no wonder you had so much trouble getting them in."

That boy had the persistence that never fails to win perseverance, like the tide, cannot be stopped. Can't any wind forbid its rising, but the tide rises.

Some may whip the Hellespont to subdue its raging, but the raging goes on. It is irresistible.

Resistent labor, therefore, is the grand drill in the way of life.

In the third place, I wish to say that one of the weaknesses of the Indian pupils is that they put no value upon their money.

And just here, I wish to say that there are many things more valuable than money, but it is a convenient thing to have, nevertheless.

There are millionaires whose poverty beggars might pity, and there are men without a dollar whose wealth an emperor might envy.

Willful waste breeds anarchy in the womb of want. The Indians are spendthrifts. Their motto is: "Live while you live"—let tomorrow provide for itself.

The Indian child, therefore, should be taught the value of economy. Tupper says: "Economy is the poor man's mint." Ciceró declared that "Economy of itself is a great revenue."

A person who cares nothing for riches will never have any, and if he has no money he will have little power and less influence. Nothing stiffens the backbone like a full pocket. It enables a man to look poverty and persecution in the face and say, "None of these things move me."

Every door opens to a golden key. Money is the golden lever of the law. Tennyson sang:

"The jingle of the guinea heals the hurt."

That honor feels."

Money is a blessing when properly used.

Schools require it; churches need it; commerce must have it; enterprises would languish without it; it sends the locomotive rattling over plains and screaming over mountains; it whitens the ocean with the sails of the ships; calls the sleeper from his couch and the laborer to his work.

Next to money is credit. Practically it is the same thing. If a man has not the money to do what he wants to do, and knows he can't do it if he had it, what he needs is credit.

With that the money is obtained, the thing is done, the debt is repaid and he goes on from one achievement to another.

But money cannot be accumulated where extravagance obtains.

"Beware of the little extravagances," said Franklin, "A small leak will sink a big ship." "Economy," said Spencer, "is half the battle of life."