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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.

"You get that brother"—said he,—“and all the white folks will raise their hats, and stand in respectful silence when they meet you, they will even give you the whole road. They will play with your children and invite your wife and daughters to all the social functions in the city.

And so he bought it, and who wouldn't under such circumstances?

A few days later, the old man was seen driving into town—expecting, no doubt, to be invited out to some small affair—with his wife beside him on the high seat, while a dozen nephews were locked inside peering through the plate glass at the beautiful scenery.

When he was told the use for which his carriage was made his hair turned gray in a night and his superstitious feelings were intensified that he left the house in the woods, he leading one pony home and his wife the other while the children came trudging on behind.

And an Indian will do this every time unless he is taught better.

Fourthly, I remark that another charge made against the red man is, that they are not so cleanly as they might be—that they do not place sufficient importance to sanitation.

I fear the charge is well founded, and yet I do not know that we were any better when we were as far back in civilization as they are. Indeed, I know some pale faced people who are not any better now.

But if this charge is true, one of the first objects of a teacher should be to impress the pupil with the great truth, that “cleanliness is next to godliness”—that sun and water are invaluable—a good towel is his best friend,—that a fine tooth comb is indispensable to his comfort—a bath conducive to good health and longevity—and a clean undershirt necessary to his happiness.

Fifthly, habits, like chewing tobacco and smoking cigarettes are man's worst enemies. The duty may be as easy as the sloven is an abolitionist. A man or a woman cannot always appear in full dress, but they can always be clean.

There should be no repugnance to suds and soap. A diamond pin never looks so out of place as when it appears in a dirty shirt collar.

Fifth is a barrier to a person's progress upward. I know a man—I shall not call him a gentleman—who

personal uncleanness has kept him from Congress. He possesses all the requirements of a Congressman—honesty, eloquence, scholarship, experience and brains—and he wants to go there.

The people would like to vote for him, but they can not consent to send a man to the National Legislature whose appearance would lead other representatives to conclude that the people who elected him must be as dirty as he is.

One of the best men I ever knew was a gentleman—every where except at the table.

He would come there with his hands unwashed and his hair uncombed.

Then he would lean with his elbows on the cloth, put his food into his mouth with a knife, pour his tea into his saucer, spear everything he wanted with a fork; and the moment he was through would run from the table like a hurled thunderbolt.

When I looked at his kindly face and thought of the splendid services he had rendered on behalf of truth and humanity, and the magnificent sacrifices he had made for the uplifting of mankind, I felt like saying, only “something thou lookest,” and that he had no regard for the “linen drapery” of life.

Lastly, I remark that the opinion generally prevails that the red man has a natural passion for strong drink, and that when he touches it the stuff that he is made of is so inflammable that his whole nature burns with an uncontrollable desire to do evil.

Be that as it may, he should be taught that intoxicating liquor poisons the very springs of life, profits him for usefulness in the world, and that if he persists in using it will send him to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell.

Above all men he should never put into his mouth that which destroys his manhood, corrupts his morals and steals away his breath. In his youth he should be taught to hate and fear it, so that when he quit school, and returns to his home, he should be able to say of it as Shakespeare said:

“O, thou invisible spite of wine,
If thou hast no other name to be known by
Let's call thee devil.”

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